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No. III

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THE S. C. A. EXECUTIVE.

THE
MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

"MASTERY FOR SERVICE"

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XVIII

JAN.-FEB.

No. II



That "Well begun is half done", is proving itself true in our College life this year. Every phase of our activities has so far held the good standard reached early in the year and though we may have had some disappointments, there can be but few regrets.

The interest and keenness shown in rugby is past history, but the same spirit has carried on in all our teams. An excellent move in the right direction was made by the Athletic Executive, when they entered the College hockey team in the Ste. Anne's League. The added enthusiasm, both amongst the students and the team, together with the increase over previous years in the number of matches, amply justifies this move. Of the basketball team, little can be said that is unsaid; they have set up a tradition which succeeding teams will find difficult to beat, — that in itself is sufficient reward.

If space allowed it, we could write a lengthy article on 'The Why and Wherefore of the Decline in Baseball'. It is a significant fact, however, that though Agriculture officially won the Inter-Faculty Baseball Championship last year, yet, neither by mention in the McGill Annual, nor by presentation of their 'Ms.' did they receive any recognition of this achievement. Surely this is a plausible reason for lack of interest in any activity. As aspirants for honours in such a plebeian vocation as Agriculture, perhaps we are demanding too much consideration from those training for higher things.

The subject of college activities must not be passed over without some mention of the 'Green and Gold Revue' and the entertainment of the 'Exiles.' We are glad to see these productions so well received and trust that the precedent will be followed in the future. 'A propos' performances,

we have heard it said that a college magazine should be nothing if not critical. Agreed. We realize, however, that criticism should be constructive rather than destructive, and on this score we have a suggestion to advance, which may be of interest to student and staff alike. Briefly, then, it is this; that some room, preferably in the basement of the Main Building, should be set aside for the use of students. That this room should be in direct communication, by means of microphones and amplifiers, with the Assembly Hall, is also essential to our project. Finally the last six, or eight, rows in the Hall should be transported down to this 'Fussers' Retreat' which may then be fitted-up with a view to the comfort of the occupants.

On the face of it, the advantages of some scheme of this sort are obvious. Concerts, debates, organ-recitals and plays would be enjoyed to a greater extent, both by performers and by those members of the audience to whom amatory pursuits are not the primary cause of their presence.

Our readers have no doubt, by this

time, realized that though the methods of reform which we propose may be somewhat unpractical, yet there is need for reform by some means or other. Any suggestions will be gratefully received on behalf of the students, by the Editor. We would like to point out that any appeals to such qualities as common decency, or, respect for the performers, will be ruled out as unpractical. Previous experiments have proved this to be the case.

On reviewing the pages of this issue, we note with regret the almost entire absence of copy, of a standard sufficiently high, from the girl students. This in no way reflects upon the credit of the girls' representatives on the Board. They have done their best. It is not the part of an Editor either to canvass for or write a great deal of copy — yet at Macdonald we are frequently fated to both of these things. While such a condition exists the Editorial Board cannot consider itself under any obligations to those who offer it nothing but criticism.

Once again, — The Magazine is what EACH student makes it.

Our sincere sympathies are extended
to Messrs. N. and S. Nadir on their
bereavement.

So This is America?

The very idea of writing home and stating that I had set foot on American soil, although I suppose that it is no different from any other soil, and that I went onto Goat Island along with the rest of the goats, gave me a great deal of inward satisfaction. Consequently I paid the toll, amounting to ten cents, in order to cross the International Bridge; at the boundary line, or thereabouts, I lingered on the rails for awhile and contemplated the swirling waters beneath. I did not, however, do what people usually do when leaning over bridge rails.

I was attired very innocently with a camera, I mean in grey flannels, open neck shirt and a blazer—in one hand I carried a camera, and in the other a few gaily coloured pamphlets describing the place. Upon reaching the other side of the bridge I was conducted to a small office, by a man who had rather a soiled khaki shirt hanging about him. There with defiance in my optics I suffered myself to undergo a searching scrutiny from a bumptious bounder, commonly known as a Custom's officer, who sat on the other side of a massive counter. This species of humanity, I should imagine, will be embalmed in red tape.

He proceeded to ask me where I was going and where I had 'hiked' from; to these questions I answered in a very confident tone but when he bulged his drooping lids and said, "Born"? Then a guilty look spread over my countenance, my usual *savoir faire* faded away into nothingness. I felt as if the

infallible sword of American justice was about to penetrate into the Department of the Interior. I gasped 'Liverpool' and murmured that I did not want to stay in His country. Big Bill shook himself, removed his ponderous horn-rimmed 'specs' in order to wipe them, and allowed his venomous eyes to sink behind the folds of his cheeks

After readjusting his glasses upon his 'sails', he wrote furiously in a huge ledger, staring at various parts of my humble features from time to time. I felt like a wanted man; you know the kind, dear reader—red hair, green eyes, bushy eyebrows, scar on forehead, flat-footed with halitosis!

He handed me a slip and motioned to the door, through which I went right quickly, propelled by his austere gaze and directed my footsteps towards the object of my heart's desire with glee. By the way—I had no intention of committing suicide, either by jumping into the 'Hell of waters falling from the headlong height' or by staying under the Stars and Stripes.

A thrill of horror ran down my spine, a heavy hand was upon my shoulder a nasal voice sounded in my ear, "Say, Bo, what's the big idea?" "Read that there slip".

I did....'ALIEN DEPORTED'

With a cynical puff of my cigarette into the face of him who owned it poor devil, I retraced my steps over the International Barrier towards my own country.

Still it was worth a dime.

Harvesting in the West

By CLAUDE R. MITCHELL

A-A-A-ll aboard!!

And before the echo had died away in the vast concourse of Windsor Station, the "Continental Limited", to which had been attached six "colonist" coaches to carry the stragglers who had missed the special excursion trains, slowly started away, to the accompaniment of a "Fait Ye!". I was on my way to the West, to fulfill Entrance Requirement No. 1 to the B. S. A. course.

* * *

'Twas a cosmopolitan bunch. To this day I remember the slim, round-shouldered, shifty figure of a bewhiskered Russian possessed of the most murderous face and a perfectly blended temperament. In such a gang of rough-necks debates are very likely to occur in which victory is not always to the orator, and consequently our train carried its complement — two members — of the R. C. M. P.

Fully clad, and with money secure, one sleeps beneath the glare of the incandescent light above. Sleep is difficult. The hot, stuffy atmosphere is pierced by the odours of various tobaccos, by the picturesque vocabulary of excited French-Canadians, by the various noises produced by numerous concertinas, fiddles, guitars, harmonicas and throats, and by the praises sung to the engineer as the train pulls away to one of its many jerky starts. The passage-way is already littered with paper, tin-cans and bottles, and evidence of the activity of "chewers" and their ilk is not lacking. In spite of the efforts of the C. P. R. these cars will remain in this state, more or less,

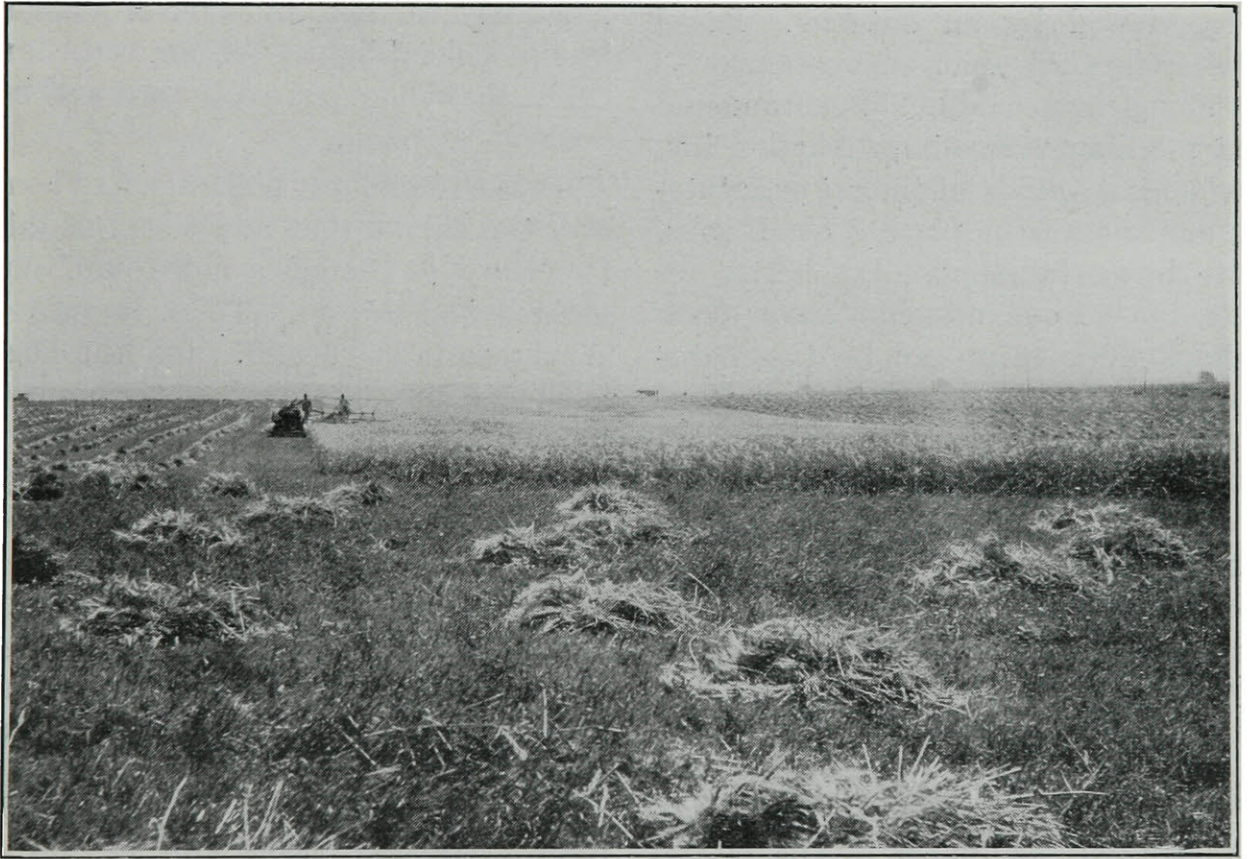
until Winnipeg is reached and the harvesters detrain.

The various stops on the route relieved the monotony of the journey. Everyone, it appeared, turned out to see the girls or to try and get a free meal. But the restaurateur has learnt from bitter experience that such customers must not be allowed in his store *en masse*, and therefore serves them at his entrance behind a barricade of barrels and boxes. One must pay as one is served; no one can dilly-dally with his meal until the train blows so that he may blow out for the train and leave the proprietor blowing for his money. Fear of becoming intolerably tedious prevents me from dwelling on the details of the journey. Let no one infer from such an omission that I failed to admire the stark ruggedness of the wilderness of Northern Ontario, the majesty of the world-famous elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur, or the pacifying serenity of the table-topped prairie.

The government official at Winnipeg paid heed to our desires and, consulting his list, directed us to Mr. X., who could use three men. Being greenhorns we wished to work together and to stay on the main line rather than go to a location on a branch line where wages might be higher. On our way out we had a three-minute talk at the various stopping places with the farmer at the station, enquiring as to his crops — how much wheat, and oats, he had, and if he had any barley; if his crop was to be, or was already cut; if he threshed his own; how long he would need you for; if there would be ploughing after

the harvest; how far out his farm was; if he had a car; and finally the wage offered. In this way we agreed, before reaching our destination, to work at Reston for a farmer whose appearance we liked, at the rate of \$4.50 per day for stooking, plus our whole board, plus the assurance that he would give us enough time in bed to allow the lamp chimney to cool off. He asked

Arriving at the farm at 4.40, we were out in the nearest field and at work at 5.05 p. m. That evening we had a hearty, if not dainty, meal, and retired at 8.30, only to be awakened after what seemed like an hour's rest by the noise made by the boss piling wood into the stove. It had been agreed that this was to be our alarm clock. It was five o'clock, and we were



Cutting the crop

us if we lived on farms, and whether we had harvested before; and expressed the hope that we were good teamsters, to which we replied in the affirmative, although I had never harnessed, or even driven a horse before. We were careful to pick a farmer whose credit appeared to be fair, as we had heard tales of a previous Macdonald man whose judgment was not very good and who in consequence arrived back at Mac., after a month's work, with seven cents in his pocket.

told to go to the barn and do the chores.

This annoyed me somewhat, as a stooker's job does not include stable work. Consequently when the boss asked, "ever milked?", my education, alas, had been truly full of omissions. Finding, however, that this early work whetted one's appetite for the Gargantuan bounty served as breakfast in the West, the duties were entered into with a zest. We left the house, however, to sleep in the barn, in order to have half-an-hour's longer

undisturbed rest. Sleeping on the hay was not very pleasant, as grasshoppers were plentiful that year, but one was so tired at night that one became oblivious to their presence.

* * *

The binder goes ahead cutting, tying, ejecting. We were fortunate in not having to follow the binder, since in this case one walks too much in relation to the number of stooks set up. Stooking seems but trifling exercise when viewed by an outsider. Paced by the farmer's son, who seemed to fly along like wildfire, we wondered that morning where its attraction lay. We had not yet learnt the art of gathering our sheaves or placing our stooks. After being taught we got better results, but to one who had never done a day's work as judged by the Westerner's standards, it soon became apparent that fifteen hours of stooking could not be properly allotted the place of honour on a picnic programme. I became aware of a certain agony of the flesh, and after stooking for a long time, as it seemed to me, I looked at my watch, hoping it was near dinner time. But it was only nine o'clock. Here was I, feeling I had already done a day's work. So also felt Major Francis Yeats-Brown, an officer in His Majesty's Indian Cavalry, who spent a harvest season in the West and writes: "A forced march through an Indian hot-weather day or stoking a ship in the Red Sea, do not compare, in my personal and practical experience, with a spell of stooking." My wrists were lacerated by straw-ends and thorns, my hands blistered, and my throat parched with a dryness as of fever. I trekked back to the water-jug, but a pipe-line to the field would have been much better. Nevertheless, on and on we toiled, putting up the bouquets. But there seemed no end to it. One

fellow would say: "Wonder why I came out here?"; another could be heard: "Never again." On the third day I had worn out my kid gloves, and my overalls had worn off to the extent of two millimetres. This day was the hardest day, and the day chosen by the boss to regale us with tales of the good men he had working for him last harvest, and of the acreage he could stook when he was our age. Compared to his, our efforts that day paled into the insignificance of a candle beside a flood-light. We noticed, however, that he spoke of acreage, not bushels, stooked.

On the fourth day a change had come over the animal that now tells this tale. It seemed as though a new-found suppleness had arisen. Then it rained. We arose late, 6 a.m., fed the hogs, filled the drinking trough, etc., chopped, cleaned the hen-house — first time in six years; then played cards, and slept some more. Wet weather is bad for both farmer and men. The farmer feeds unproductive labour; the men earn no money. Some farmers let their help go and take a chance on getting new men when the weather turns. Our farmer, *mirabile dictu*, kept us. After all the odd jobs a farmer thinks of had been completed, cards and boxing or wrestling featured the day's activities. Or the boys would go to town and get the latest reports of crop progress, weather conditions and the wage paid labour in other localities. Should one leave the farmer before threshing is completed, his board during the rainy weather will cost him one dollar per day. As fair weather approaches there may be some haying to do, and the pay for this will be half the stooking rate. Western hayloads are big loads, since it is not economic to haul small loads long distances. It was with great delight that the boys saw the boss

topple over with a record load he was attempting to build on the first day of haying, in order to show them how.

* * *

With threshing the real work starts. At half-past four, when one arises, shrubs stand out against the opal east like globes of jade, and the waggons, with their fore-and-aft framework, look like carriages for the rite of Jaganath. In the half-light things are touched with a sort of glamour for the newcomer, which the farmer soon proceeds to dispel; he is paying you for the labour of your hands.

The chief units of a threshing outfit are the separator, where the grain is separated from the straw and chaff, in charge of the "separator man" and a source of power, either steam or gasoline, to drive the separator, in charge of an engineer. The engineer and "separator man" are the two most important men on the outfit and receive the highest pay. Usually one of these is Boss-in-Chief. Other members of the outfit are the fireman, the tankman, the strawman; the teamsters, who drive the bundle waggons in which the crop is brought to the separator; field-pitchers, who assist the teamsters in throwing their loads on; spike-pitchers, who help the teamsters throw their loads into the separator; the grainmen, whose teams transport the grain to the elevator; and the cook, who lords it over the cook-car, which, like the caboose in which the gang sleeps, is fitted with wheels and pulled around with the outfit as the different farms are visited. When a gasoline engine is used there is no need for the fireman, the tankman, or the strawman. When a stook-loading machine is available the field-pitchers disappear. If the farmer threshes his grain directly into a portable granary the grain-teams look

for other jobs; but if the farmer thinks the present is the time to sell, or has to accept the price of a glutted market to pay his debts, the "Bains" stay.

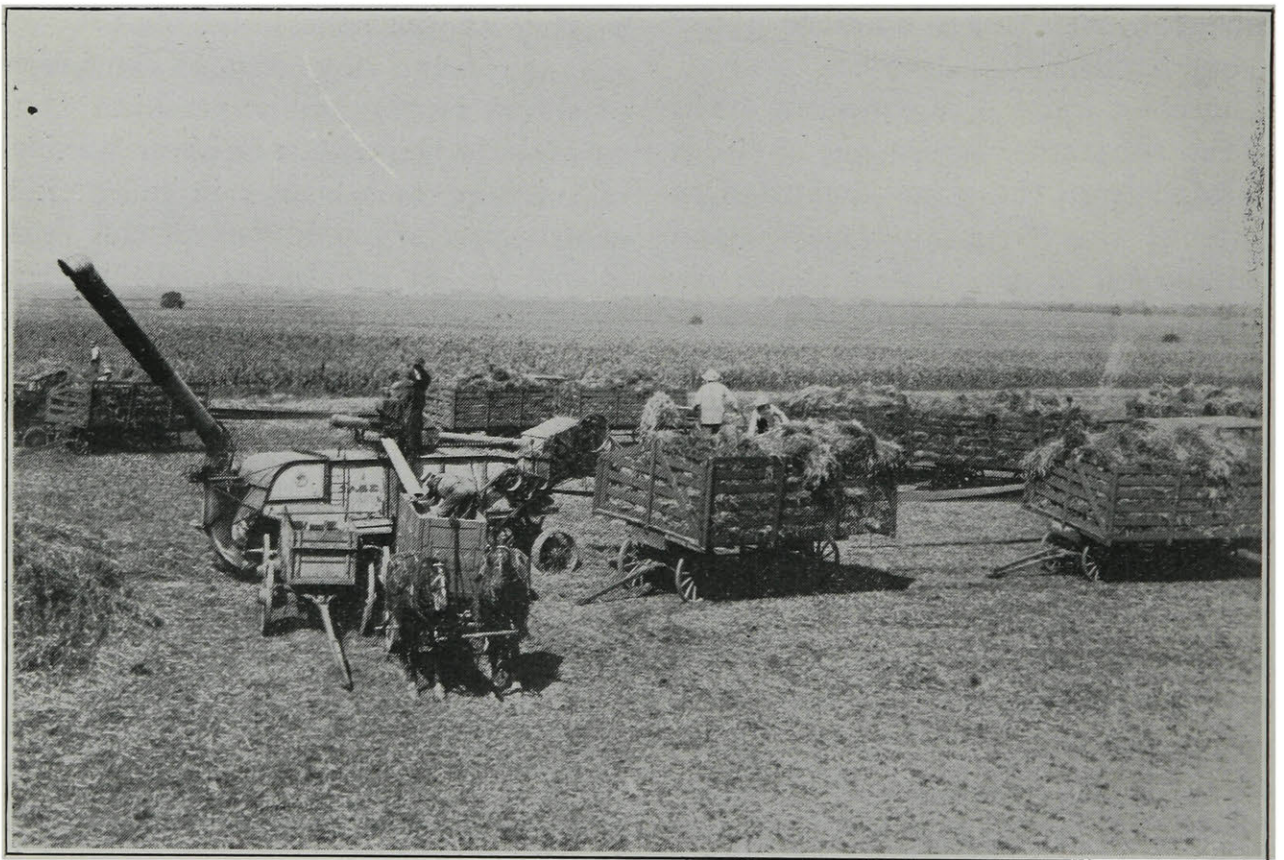
My experience as a teamster must be passed over hurriedly. An enormous Clyde put his feathered foot on my instep. My fingers all turned into thumbs. But I finally hitched up. I drove out and piled my rack high with the fruit of the Manitoba loam. On my arrival back at the separator the horses became restless, and it was only by ignominiously leading them, instead of driving as the others did, that I was able to bring my waggon within a pitchfork's swing of the machine. And as I made the most egregious blunder of pitching the sheaves in butts first, cross-wise, any old way, the boss looked up at me in disgust, and informed me, in more or less suitable language, that I was fired.

Nothing daunted, I elected to field-pitch. With no lines to tangle and no horses to feed, groom, harness, water, or step on my instep, I could arise an hour later, and at night I would not have to spend any time in stygian stables.

In good weather threshing starts shortly after half-past six and continues until noon when there is a stop for dinner, which is usually served in the field. One day it was discovered about eleven that the hounds had found the meat, whereupon it became necessary to drive to town, eight miles away, for a fresh supply. It was a ravenous gang that clamoured around the cook at one o'clock. Dinner for twenty men would consist of two gallons of soup, twenty pounds (or less) of meat, half a bushel (or more) of potatoes, seven or eight cabbages, seven pumpkin pies, four loaves of bread, four pounds of butter, two fir-

kins of tea (these quantities aren't so terribly exaggerated as the reader is imagining) and many other articles of food of minor importance. On one occasion some choice specimens of *Musca domestica* were included! Threshing is resumed after dinner, and except for a short stop (10 mins.) at four o'clock for the regular lunch, continues until dark — say eight o'clock. It is not unusual to pitch sheaves by moonlight and on one occasion we pitched by lantern light until half past nine. One

not as devitalizing as the heat of the Tropics, and never makes one languorous. My friend Nubar tells me it is as enervating as the wind that blows across the North Arabian desert in the nostrils of the westward traveller. Sleep is sound, and in the morning the spirits of those who were so tired as to retire booted, hatted, and unwashed, will testify to its potency. Your limbs are nimble, and as you sniff the fine air you feel like a giant refreshed.



Threshing the grain

may not smoke near the separator. All equipment is swept clean in order to minimize weed-seed distribution, as required by law, before shifting to a new property. One usually retires about ten o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the company Carusos or Kreislers permit. Snoring is *not* permitted. The nights are cool. The air is keen and bracing, as it always is. During the day, when the sun is hot, the temperature may rise to 104° F., but it is

I soon found that, although the field-pitcher had no horses to look after, he also was denied the respite that the teamster enjoys driving his team to and from the mill, for there were always waggons in the field to be loaded. Indeed, his opportunities for siestas came about as fast as tips at a Scotchmen's banquet. With no chance of assuaging a frantic thirst until lunch time, I am afraid someone made himself somewhat conspicuous at that

memorable hour one day. Methinks it prudent to refrain from saying more.

It was at this time that I was offered the post of fireman. It meant seven dollars instead of six; but it also meant rising at four o'clock (if one had to walk further than a mile to fire up), in order to have enough steam pressure to start work at six. Working pressure is generally between 115 and 130 lbs, and is maintained by the combustion of the straw from which the grain has been separated, although occasionally coal or wood is used. This is not the place to discuss the technique of straw-firing, and it must suffice to state that the job is a very steady one, surpassing even field and spike-pitching. The fireman is first on the job and last to leave, but when he becomes the engineer he may get as much as \$12.00 per day, for the privilege of keeping the engine well oiled, and walking around with his hands in his pockets whilst the other fellows do the work. I accepted.

The elevation to the fireman's position brought about a pardonable increase of pride in the work of the outfit. Great rivalry exists between neighbouring gangs. The status of an outfit is gauged by its size, of course, and also by the length of the day's work, the frequency of stops, and the reasons for such stops. There are different combinations of long and short whistles to signify certain conditions, so that your neighbour knows exactly whether your stop was due to lack of steam or of water, or to the fact that someone's fork has gone into the machine and ruined the cylinder; or, best of all, because the crop has been so good that the grain-teams cannot carry it away fast enough. It is good to see the automatic weigher, which delivers a bushel at each dump, bobbing up and down all the time.

Another important factor in the rating of an outfit is the hour at which the fireman blows his whistle, signifying he has working pressure and is ready to start. I became so obsessed with the idea that we should be the earliest on the job that I would arise as early as half past three and blow my whistle at about half past five, much to the disgust of my competitors who trusted in the fact that their whistles would blow on less steam (45 lbs) than mine (100 lbs), and therefore slept longer. The fireman is the most miserable man on the outfit, however, when on a very dewy morning he finds he cannot maintain steam with the damp straw, and operations have to be suspended accordingly. My greatest ignominy was not caused by low steam pressure, however. I got lost one morning and wandered about the prairie searching for the outfit until dawn, when the rising sun revealed it less than 100 yds distant. No starting whistle pierced the morning air that day.

A day's work will net from one to two thousand bushels, depending on the crop. When crops are good there is a definite rate per bushel for threshing; when they are not, work is done on a time basis. In either case delays are expensive, so that the ideal outfit stops but twice during the day, and there is never any empty space on the feeder carrying the sheaves into the mill.

The harvest season usually lasts from nine to twelve weeks. On my third trip out — when, arriving after dusk, we experienced some difficulty in finding the town — the season was very late, and, owing to scarcity of labour in the Wilkie (N. Sask.) district, I experienced little embarrassment in getting nine dollars per day for firing. This agreement was reached over the

phone. When I arrived I found that my companions were an Englishman who had seen service in France and Gallipoli, an Irishman, a Swede, an American (who had visited my home town in Demerara), a German, two Galicians, three Canadians, and six Indians (who proved to be excellent workers except when they paid intense worship at the shrine of the great god Bacchus). The cook was a Chinaman, whose clarion call to his meals was neither the ship's bugle nor the Macdonald bell, but the rattle of his glistening carving knife against a huge S.M.P. pan. Although given *carte blanche* he cooked the same meals every day, and it did not take us long to realize we were not at the Savoy Grill. It was on this trip that I learnt of alkali water, made the acquaintance of the stook-loader, and saw women driving binders and stooking wheat.

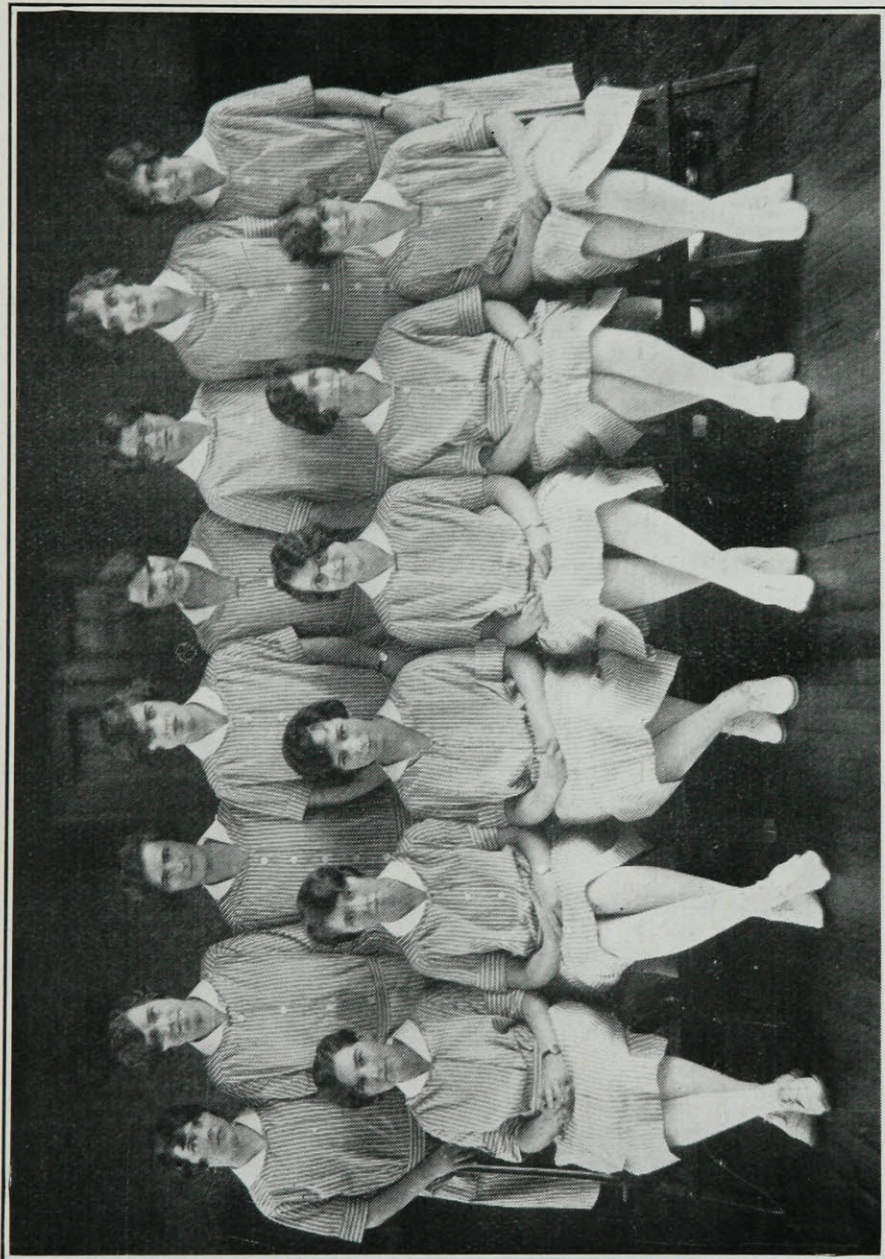
* * *

When finally you bid good-bye to your pet gophers and badgers, the glorious sunsets and the flaming Northern Lights, you are loathe to leave. By this time you have come to know that the boss is a thoroughly likeable fellow and that under a somewhat brusque exterior lies the best of hearts. You recall the terrible first three days when your loins registered cries of pain at the perpetual gestures of toiling for him, but you realize that he is an economist rather than a philanthropist and that in his fight for the fruit of his toil against the dark shadow of frost he simply expected you to help him garner his crop in the least possible time. You understand why he is a man of few words, and words that aren't so cute.

On the return journey the once waving fields of grain are represented by piles of straw, or here and there ash heaps, where these have been burnt

(magnificent sight). As you come further east the atmosphere loses its exhilarating graciousness that is so conducive to work, and to equanimity and tolerance. Common objects, which in the West look, and feel, different, become commonplace. And when you are again on the eastern farm, the latter's lack of spaciousness comes as the most dominant impression. As one writer says: "Fences make fields diminutive. The barn seems too large for the farm, or rather, the farm not large enough for the barn. Fields seem like paddocks. There are no mile furrows. The walking plough does not seem right." But after earth roads and prairie trails, how good are concrete highways!

Every undergraduate agronomist should make at least one such trip. It is a privilege to live on a prairie farm even for a few weeks, and it is fun to gather with one's own hands the food that will go out to feed half the world. Every Canadian would have a broader national outlook, and there is no better way to get pre-season conditioning for rugby and athletics generally than by working for three months on a large outfit. The day of the large outfit is fast passing, however, since the farmer, naturally enough, dislikes to have his crop standing exposed to the elements awaiting its turn on the big outfit's programme. He is therefore buying small machines to do his own threshing and probably that of one or two neighbours, who may be invited to co-operate in the purchase. When the "combine" cutter and thresher comes into more extensive use, however, the great army that goes to the wheat-fields every August will be greatly diminished, since stooking may be entirely unnecessary. O day of days, when the mighty stooker shall have fallen!



SENIOR ADMINISTRATION COURSE.

Rural England

As an Englishman, seeing England from the outside, I have often wondered what it is that makes us all love her as we do. Is it her commercial greatness? Her military power? Her possessions? No doubt these are some of the reasons, but I think the prime reason for our love of England is her countryside—even those of us who have formerly dwelt in her towns and cities. Her countryside possesses no natural phenomena—it has no Niagara, no Grand Canyon, but in its simple beauty it endears itself to us far more than any of these freaks of nature. Rural England—so near and yet so far from the madding crowd. Old-world cottages, the village inn, an ivy-covered church, the lanes and hedges—rows in spring, when the blackthorn is in bloom and the birds are nesting—all so typical of England, and England only. The rural populace—kind, loving and hospitable, the type of people God loves.

When I think of England it is not of her commercial importance, but of

her countryside. The moors of Devon, the orchards of Kent, the peaceful Avon country, the little forgotten villages where the green hills of Sussex dip down to the sea—that is the England I know and understand, the England I would die for. England in summer—no torrid heat, or lasting drought—a land of sunshine and cool breezes, heavily laden with the scent of wild flowers or the freshly cut hay, the lazy droning of a bee the distant rumble of a farm waggon.

While I write I am thinking of a South Devon village, sheltered by the rolling hills. A brook babbles through the village. Far in the distance the land meets the sea, and farther still the sea meets the sky—a typical example of English scenery.

On leaving England one casts a lingering look behind at the hills in the distance, partly hidden by the evening mists, and resolves to return to them some day. The hills disappear into the night, and when morning dawns they have become but memories.



Hiccoughs!

*A hiccough is a message from
departed spirits*

Joy may be the best of wine. No doubt. There are many who stoutly affirm between hiccoughs that it is. Unfortunately, however, we are not concerned with what they say between hiccoughs but rather (I speak reverently) with the hiccoughs themselves.

I once heard of a man who hiccoughed for three days and three nights without stopping. Now that is too long for anybody to hiccough — I do not care who he is — it is too long anyway. I understand that the aforementioned gentleman was finally calmed by a very simple, yet curious method, namely, his uvula was touched, then tickled and tantalized with the handle of a cold spoon. Instantly his hiccing became irregular, and within three minutes had died a natural death.

Why this method has not been acclaimed and adopted by the medical authorities remains a mystery to me. It is just another example of a thing being too simple for a highly developed mind to grasp and accept. I suppose that if one had to swallow the spoon it would be advocated by the best physicians and silversmiths in the country.

True, there are other means of stopping hiccoughs. One trustworthy and dependable way is to take a deep breath, count ten, take three sips of water, then slowly exhale. After that, if your windpipe still insists on spasmodically opening and closing, you may hold your breath, count twenty and take six sips of water. After that, if you are still hiccoughing, you keep on holding your breath and doubling

the counting and water until a complete cure is effected. At this rate, it can readily be seen that the final result is a competition between your heart and the hiccoughs to see which will stop first. If the hiccoughs do, you win. If your heart does, it is a dead beat.

The above cure, though banned by medical men, for reasons best known to themselves, is believed to be in common use among the proletariat; moreover, it is rumoured that many mighty medical men also use it, on the sly of course, though thus far none have been shamed into admitting their guilt. I would not, however, be at all surprised if this was the truth. Such deception would not be beneath them.

“Doctors, especially young ones, cannot be trusted” a sweet old thing once warned me, so ever since, when my condition necessitated the calling of one of them, I always ask a capable friend to sit in the room with me, to see — well, just to see. Why! I once heard of a pretty girl who — but that has nothing whatever to do with hiccoughs. Yet, it is a good story and I would like to tell it to you — but — perhaps — what I mean is, let’s get down to hiccoughs.

I once knew a pretty, dumb, farmer’s daughter who had a hic to express her every mood and emotion. She had a hic that made you happy, and a hic that made you cry. She had a hic which made hicks want to take her in their arms and crush her in a blind passion. This would be followed (depending on who it was) by a help-

less hic which made one feel like the arch fiend for ever thinking of the above! She had a special wistful hic that always got me. It expressed such a wealth of pathos that I invariably broke down and wept bitterly; whereupon, she would comfort me with soothing hic-hic-hics which kept in perfect time with my sobs. It was really very touching. I see her now, her fair face with stained tears, and her nose ah! her nose — but that has nothing whatever to do with hiccoughs. Still, I will never forget her nose, never. It was such a confoundedly funny nose. It was the kind of nose you never read about and rarely see. It was a button nose, and, I blush to admit, I always had a base desire to wring it — tenderly. Fortunately, however, my ad-

mirable self-control came to the rescue, and so her nose remained unwrung. Personally I think her proboscis was made of putty — but that has nothing whatever to do with hiccoughs, which is really too bad, because I wanted to go on and explain my reasons for thinking so. However, one must stick to one's subject.

Before we start hiccoughing again, there is a little verse I once learned. It went something like this —

Nobody knows!

Nobody knows!

The awful woes

That my nose knows.

And now that you have got used to poetry and rythm, we will turn and study the infinite musical variety of the humble hiccough; but not to-day



Under the Desk Lamp

To the Editor

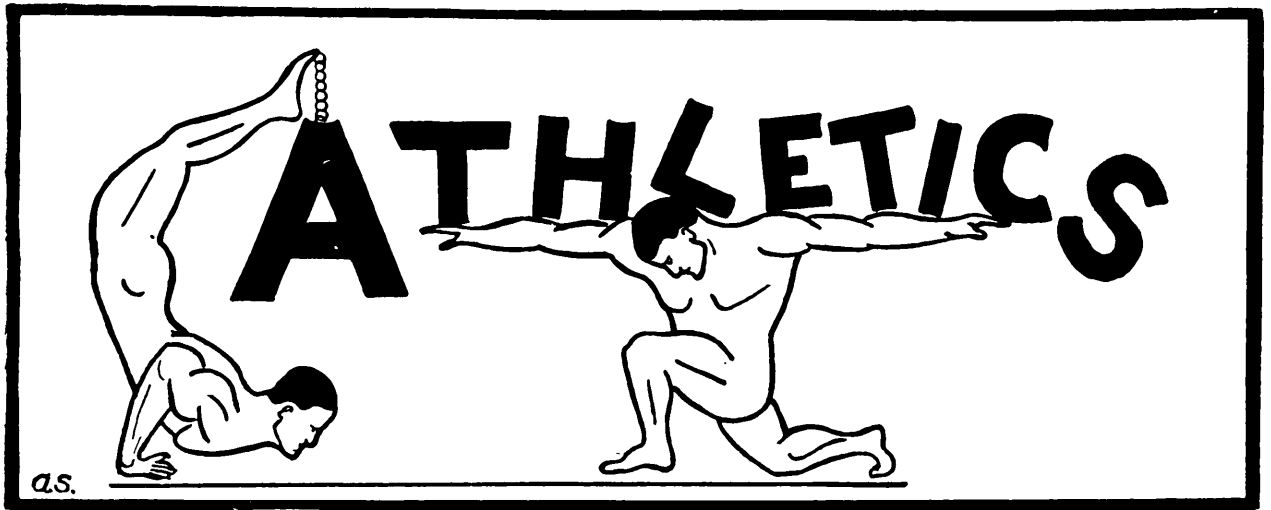
Dear Sir,

It is usual, I believe, for each of the Faculties of McGill to have an Annual Dinner, where members of all classes get together and at which some outstanding man in the profession is asked to be guest speaker for the evening. Why has Macdonald never had such a dinner? And is there any reason why this custom should not be initiated this session?

Such a banquet is most conveniently held about the middle of the session and in our case may well be held in February, or March, before the Diploma Course students leave college. As speakers the names of the Hon. W. H. Motherwell, the Hon. J. E. Caron, Dr. J. H. Grisdale and many others, immediately suggest themselves.

Sincerely yours,

Student



Basketball

On December 10th the Macdonald College basketball team played their initial game of the season against fourth year Science. The college team played a very effective game, winning out by the wide margin of 30 to 19. Paige, McFarlane, and MacCuish playing together well on the forward line, ably supported by Rowell and Johnson on the defence.

In the second game the basketball team defeated the highly touted Arts '30 team, by a score of 28 to 21, in a fast and close game. Paige, starring for the college, accounted for 14 out of the 28 points secured by Macdonald.

On Jan. 21st, the college basketball team played a fast and exciting game with Sherbrooke High. Sherbrooke, playing a clever passing game, were always a menace, but Macdonald emerged victorious by a score of 21 to 17. Paige and Buckland starring for the college. Due to an injury to his ankle in a previous game, Rowell was unable to play, being replaced by shifting MacCuish from the forward line to defense, where he played a very effective game.

The basketball team won their fourth

straight victory on Saturday, the 28th of Jan., against Commerce 30 by a score of 26 to 17. Buckland, McFarlane, and Hicks played well on the forward line, with the strong defense men Paige and MacCuish.

Basketball Team line up:

Forwards..	Paige
"	Buckland
"	McFarlane
Defense	Johnson
"	MacCuish
Subs.	Hicks
"	Woodward

The indoor interclass games were started shortly before Christmas and continued after the holidays. Each game won counting 2 points for the winning team. In the case of a tie each team getting 1 point. The standing of the league up to the time set for all Magazine copy:—

Team.	Basketball.	Baseball.	Total.
Sophmores	2.2.2.	2.2.2.	12
Seniors	2.	2.2.	6
Juniors	2.2.		4
Freshmen	2.	2.2.	6
Teachers	2.	2.2.	6
Diploma I		2.	2
Diploma II		2.	2

Hockey

The Macdonald College hockey team played its first game of the season against Commerce 30, defeating them by a score of 5 to 4. The play on the college team was mostly individual, very little combination being in evidence. This was due largely to a lack of practice. Tait, Walker and Nesbitt scored for the college. The two defense men Richards and Archibald put up a stiff opposition to the Commerce men.

The second hockey game of the season was played against Sherbrooke High who proceeded to dazzle the college team by their combination, scoring three goals in the first ten minutes of play. The College broke up their rushes after this, but were kept busy. The second period was scoreless but in the third period the college secured one goal, Nesbitt notching the counter. The college team played against a dazzling sun and a strong wind for two periods, which partly accounted for their poor start. They also showed a decided lack of practice. Practice up to this time had practically been impossible due to unfavorable weather conditions.

The college hockey team made their start in the Ste-Anne's Hockey League when they played the Indians who were at the top of the league, and defeated them by a score of 3 to 2. The game was fast and close, the college having the better of the play in the first period, and the other two periods being fairly even. Boles and Stowe played a great game for the college, Boles securing two of the tallies, and Stowe one. The two defense men Richards and Archibald presented a solid front to the Indians, breaking up rush after

rush. Pratt in goal for the college seemed unbeatable.

The college Hockey team played their second game in the league on Friday night the 27th of Jan. against Voltigeurs the night following their game with the Indians. This was anybody's game from start to finish but when the final whistle blew the Voltigeurs were leading by one score to nil. The college team showed the effects of their strenuous game the preceding night against the Indians. Boles and Stowe tried hard, but failed to score. Walker at times showed flashes of his true form.

On Saturday the 28th, the college hockey team played the Wanderers on the college rink. This game was a regular league game, but as it was the third game in as many days the college team, although putting up a strong game, were defeated by one goal to nil. The game throughout was fast and clean, both teams being evenly matched in the first two periods, but in the final period the college played a listless game, all the men showing the effects of the two gruelling matches on Thursday and Friday. The three games in a row might seem unnecessary, but as the college were away behind in their schedule, it was absolutely necessary that these games be played to keep the college in the league.

On Wednesday Feb., 1st the college hockey team again met the Wanderers, this time on the town rink. The college bowed to defeat to the score of 7 to 2. The Wanderers were reinforced by Harnett and Millichamp, while the college were without the services of their regular defenseman

Archibald. Boles and Walker tallied for the college. Walker carrying from behind his own goals through the opposing players and depositing it behind the Wanderers goal tender.

Due to an injury to his knee early in the season, Nesbitt was unable to play in the first four games of the town league, but returned in time to play in the fifth and sixth games.

The college team played the Garden City team on Monday, Feb. 6th and defeated them by a score of 6 to 5. The college team was at full strength. Boles, Nesbitt and Stowe making a strong forward line. Nesbitt, Stowe and Walker scoring for the college. This was Boles' last game, and he made some valiant attempts to score, getting through time and again with only the goaltender to fool, but fate seemed to rule otherwise, for each time the puck struck the bewildered goal tenders pads or stick, and bounced away from the goal.

The hockey team lost a valuable player when Jack Boles had to leave, but we sincerely hope to see him back again another year.

The college team played the Voltigeurs for the second time on Tuesday night, Feb. 7th, and this time went down to defeat by a score of 4 to 0. The loss of Boles was felt keenly, as he played a hard, consistent game at center. Nesbitt played a good game at center, ably supported by Stowe. Webster and MacDonald played an aggressive game while on the ice for short periods.

On Saturday, Feb. 11th, the college hockey team journeyed to Hudson and played a fast and clean game against the Hudson Senior team. It took the college some time to adjust their play to the amateur rules. Hudson collected the first two goals, having the best of the play in the first period,

but in the second period, the college got going and evened the count. In the third period it was an even tussle from start to finish. Halfway through this period Hudson scored, and from then on played a defensive game. The game ended in Hudson's favour by the narrow margin of 3 goals to 2. Walker, for the college, played his best game of the season, collecting one of the counters for the college. He was closely followed by Stowe who also scored.

THE COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM LINE UP

Pratt.....	Goal
Archibald....	Right defense
Richards....	—Left defense
Nesbitt.....	Left wing
Boles.....	—Center
Stowe.....	Right wing
Walker.....	Substitute
Tait.....	"
Webster.....	"
MacDonald....	"
McBane.....	"

INTERCLASS HOCKEY

The first game of interclass hockey took place between the Juniors, and the first year Diploma course on Wednesday, Feb., 1st. The Dips. clinched this game by a score of 5 to 2, and at the same time won the right to enter the semi-finals.

The second game of interclass hockey between the Post Grads and Sophomores, ended with the leading by a score of 9 to 5. The Science girls added zest to the game by making possible the winning of a box of Laura Secords.

The third game in the interclass hockey between the Teachers and Second year Diploma Course ended in a tie, each team securing three goals apiece.

The interclass hockey this year is run on the elimination plan. The winners in the first encounters playing

in the semi-finals, and the winners in the semi-finals meeting in the finals for the championship.

The fourth game of interclass hockey was played between the Seniors and Sophomores on Tuesday, Feb. 14th. This was the first game of the semi-finals, the Freshmen having forfeited their game to the Seniors. The Sophomores emerged victorious by a score of 8 to 2., giving them the right to play in the finals for the interclass championship.

The hockey and basketball team journeyed to Sherbrooke and Lennoxville on Friday, Feb. 17th, with the best of intentions of taking both the Sherbrooke High and Bishop's teams into camp. Sad to say, all the games, three in number, were lost, but not by such a margin as would allow for any feeling of shame.

Through the kindness of one of the prominent business men of Montreal this trip was made possible. A Pullman was also procured by this same benefactor for the teams to travel in. This Pullman was shunted on the siding at Sherbrooke, and after finishing the games the company retired, to wake up the next morning near Montreal.

The first game of basketball took place at Bishops college at 4.30 P. M., soon after our arrival there. The game was fast at times, but, due to the small Gym, the Macdonald men's style of play was of no avail. Macdonald bowed to defeat at the hands of Bishops by the close score of 26 to 23.

The hockey team had hoped to play Sherbrooke High while the Basketball team was playing at Bishops, but as Sherbrooke was unable to play, the members of the hockey team had to content themselves with watching the basketball game from the gallery.

The hockey team had their turn at 6.45 when they played Bishops, and although at all times having the best of the play, they lost by the close margin of one goal to nil. Time and again the Macdonald men got through, but just failed to score. The breaks of the game all going against them.

The basketball team returned to Sherbrooke, while the hockey game was in progress, to play the Sherbrooke High School. After playing one game in the afternoon, the second game proved too much, and Macdonald went down to their second defeat.

The teams returned on Saturday morning. Although they had lost, the trip was enjoyed by everyone. The college can only wait for their next chance, and try to turn the tables on both Sherbrooke and Bishops.

The seventh game in the Ste Annes league for the college was played on Monday Feb. 20th against the Indians. The game was one of the fastest seen on the town rink notwithstanding the rough ice. The Indians started the scoring, but near the middle of the second period, the college evened the count. In the beginning of the third period, the Indians collected two more goals, and it looked bad for the college, but Stowe, who had scored the first goal, came through for two more in rapid succession to tie the score. In overtime play neither team scored, and the game ended in a draw with the score three all. Stowe, for the college, was the outstanding man on the ice. Pratt in goal played a great game ably supported by his two defencemen Tait and Archibald, Nesbitt, Walker, and Macdonald also played well on the forwardline but failed to score.



SCIENCE — FALL SHORT COURSE

COLLEGE-LIFE



Crossing the great desert
after dinner — a midway
camp

The Correspondence of Clarence the Collegian

My Dear Pam,

You really are the laziest thing I've come across for some time. Judging by the vast quantity of mail that I have been receiving from you lately, I should imagine you have forgotten all about me.

They tell me that revenge is sweet—but I shall be a perfect little Christian and do unto you as I would you should do unto me.

So please take a hint, and don't keep me waiting an eternity before writing again.

I was very disappointed that you couldn't get down here to see the Lit's

first play, for you missed an excellent show acted in an admirable way. Edith Chodat, Jean Worden, Bunny Murray and Aida Fanjoy constituted the female element, while Eric Eardley Jack Rayner, Bishop and Bob Kleibs made up the male cast.

The setting was splendid, and after having congratulated the whole company on their effort—I am inclined to believe that our friend Laurie must not be overlooked when dividing the honours. He had obviously succeeded in bringing his players together into a very highly polished condition, which, by the way, is somewhat more than can be said of the condition into

which he had brought himself. Heavens, you would have laughed if you had only seen him Pam. Something went wrong with his razor about three weeks previous to that evening, and he appeared in front of the stage looking more like Mrs. Jigg's pet dog than anything else. However they held the Hobo Dance the next evening and the judges, in a frantic effort to bring him back to civilization, awarded him second prize. It did the trick.

Paige got the first prize at the hop, having turned up in the most wonderful collection of threads imaginable. Other successful contestants were Anna Clements and Phyllis Squires. Bugs Baily surprised us all by turning up to play again. He explained that he had been away for several weeks and therefore couldn't come out, but he has been quite regular in his appearance since then, much to the pleasure of us all.

Did I ever tell you that I had my picture taken on the Movie? It happened the day the College was honoured by a visit from Sir F. Guggigsberg, a former governor of The Gold Coast, who came out to have a look round. Some of the boys, including myself, had the pleasure of a few words with him, and during the preamble to the Dining Hall we were all filmed. I tooted into Montreal soon after that and saw the whole spool at Loew's. Sir Frederick was much interested in Imperial affairs and besides visiting a number of British possessions, he had just completed a tour of the Southern States.

We managed to entice quite a number of enthusiasts to enter the Elocutionary Contest this year Pam. It was held way back in November. The chief honours fell to Maisie Lowry and Eddie St. Marie, whilst Anna Clements and

Laurie came next on the list, followed up by Edith Chodat and Bishop as third prize winners. Prof. Quayle, who spoke for the judges, pointed out that the speakers had been unfortunate in their choice of subjects. In many cases the contestants had selected recitations of French-Canadian, Yiddish and all sorts of complicated dialects, quite oblivious to the fact that one of the main objects of the contest was to afford an opportunity to the speakers to use the King's English, without risk of death.

Shortly after this the first Inter-class debate was held between the Junior and Senior years. I've rather forgotten the exact wording of the resolution, but the Juniors were arguing that the wearing of uniforms by the women students should be abolished, whilst the Seniors of course, had to argue just the opposite way. Messrs Fitzpatrick and Howatt collected some wonderful specimens of feminine apparel to support their verbal declarations, but despite this piece of subtle ingenuity the convincing statements of Ted Bynoe, supplemented by a positive rhetorical plethora from John West, gave the judges no other alternative than to declare the Seniors the winners. We were, indeed, delighted to listen to this discussion of a comparatively light subject, in contrast to the statistic-laden debate that has, until very recently, been regularly thrust upon us.

A nice point was raised that evening in connection with the price charged by the College for the material out of which the girls have to make their uniforms. It seems to me that this price is bound to decrease by at least 100% in the near future, so I suggest, Pam, that you tell all your girl friends to come to Mac. next year and be clothed for 30 cents a yard.

I wish you had been able to see the Green and Gold Revue that was staged a few days before Xmas. This was really something entirely different to anything that has been attempted round here for some years.

The opening scene depicted a night club. (Conceived and reared by Aird Nesbitt). There were, of course, the inevitable staggering stags—night hawks — bottles — waiters — Orchestra, and more bottles.

It really is impossible to tell you everything that happened, but there were songs, jokes, wise-cracks, dirty-cracks, dances and hot music, all repeated about six times. Maisie Lowry and Helen Muir became angelic by throwing their arms and legs about in a most amazing fashion which enthralled everybody. Dot McQueen thought she was something Scotch and acted accordingly, giving us some delightful songs and dances.

Fran Sharp started off by pulling the haughty Castilian stuff in association with a bottle of Port — sang a haunting melody about Spain and successfully kidnapped the Saxophonist. The two then proceeded to dance a beautiful, undulating Tango which I am sure would have been encored incessantly only there wasn't any time for repetition that night. Following this there were two other stunts, a Study Hour by Ron Dawson, and Algie's Dream by Rhys Evans and Murray Smith. The first of these was very well performed and graphically demonstrated the immense handicaps under which a student is placed immediately he attempts to do any work in his room. Ron Dawson was the leading light and shone conspicuously. Algie's Dream was full of crises and psychological moments, and I rather fear the audience didn't quite get the gist of the thing at all. Nevertheless

there was a lot of necking (following an elopement) — an outburst of most questionable French — a discovery — a heated debate — a threat — two deaths — a scream — a faint (magnificently performed) — and then Algie wakes up. But then of course Pam, you don't know who Algie is in real life. He is one of the bright hopefuls in the first year Diploma Course, a regular sheik and everything else. I shouldn't be surprised if he had dreams like that every night, imagining that he is flying to Vancouver to stage an elopement. Anyhow, he acted the part beautifully and was well supported by an enthusiastic cast. In fact the whole performance was very well received. John West as Stage Manager showed a master brain for direction and supervision and worked like a nigger all the time.

I wonder where you went and what you did at Xmas time? There were quite a few boys who stayed here over the vacation, and we had lots of fun in one way or another. Wishing you all the best for the New Year, and Do write to me soon.

Yours as ever,

Clarence.

Mac. Feb. 1.th

My Dear Pam,

Was really delighted to get your letter and to hear all your news. Yes, the exams are a thing of the past now but the beginning of January was practically ruined on account of them. Most of the gang seems to have pulled through somehow or other.

Captain Seferovitch, the Serbian Consul-General, gave us a most illuminating lecture and lantern-slide display in connection with his native country a few weeks ago. It is on occasions such as this that I sincerely wish that the seats in the Assembly

Hall were a little more comfortable.

However, despite this handicap, we were told and shown many interesting facts and pictures about that small but important European State.

The second Formal was held the night of 3rd, and went off extraordinarily well. Though there was a reduction in the sale of tickets, in comparison with the previous dance, we had no cause for regret, for the floor was just comfortably full for peppy dancing. The decorations struck a note of originality by the introduction of an almost solid ceiling of "blue Sky" delightfully studded with stars. There was a moon too, which looked cute enough, but, of course, there just HAD to be some other source of light as well. Nevertheless, the effect was excellent, and what with orange lights round the walls, together with a system of roses growing gracefully over old stones, the whole gym looked entrancing. We were all delighted to see and hear our friend "George" and his boys who gave us some really superb music. The introduction of a high powered singer was most effective, and we appreciated the Jack Denny stuff that was pulled from time to time.

The supper was great but the coffee was cold. Of course I know it isn't easy to get everything ready and right at precisely the correct moment, but one wonders that if so much difficulty is met with in attempts to serve the coffee in a warm condition, whether it wouldn't be better to serve cold drinks in future, which I think would, after all, be just as satisfactory to the guests.

The supper period lacked the usual drag this time. Whether it was that the officials, who have to start the parade from the Dining Room, were getting jangled by the colossal racket that prevailed during the whole sitting,

or whether they were really anxious to get on with the Dance, I don't know, but the fact remains that there was very little time wasted, which thus enabled us to finish up at one a. m. sharp with the loss of only the third extra.

Regular fussing seems to be a lost art out here now Pam. Considering the increased number of Winter resort students, one feels depressed at the insignificant percentage of fussers. It is difficult to know who or what to blame for this disgraceful state of affairs. One hears of new schools of thought on the subject—a few enthusiasts of which evolve a club with a high-hat name and endeavour to tackle the problem along new lines of approach. So far, very little definite satisfaction has been gained by these means, and I feel that after a short time the revolutionists will return to the old-time but well proven methods of fussing. While touching on such an important topic, I am reminded of a couple of electrocuting rumours that have been flashing round the campus lately. The first of these has it that a certain student has recently lost her maiden name, while the other one states that someone else in this vicinity, though of a somewhat higher academic standing than a student, has become engaged. I do not feel in a position to mention any names just at present, but I'll whisper something in your ear one of these fine moon-lit nights and you'll split your sides with laughter.

Neil Drummond has been continuing with his new style of Sing-Song in an enterprising way. Just before Christmas he brought down Mr. Murray Brooks, General secretary of the Students' Christian Movement in Canada, who gave us an address on the political situation in India. I think Neil can be well congratulated on the quality of

the entertainments that he has arranged for us since he has been in charge, and although we all wish that such events were a little more frequent I fully realize the difficulty such a course would involve.

The Pomological and Fruit Growers Society of P. Q. held their annual Assembly at the College from Jan. 17-19th. I understand that one of the most interesting speakers on the programme was Prof. W. C. Dutton from Lansing, Mich; who had much to say on spraying matters. Among the other celebrated speakers were included the Big Duet from Abbotsford. They tell me that Paige proceeded to tell the Society a whole lot they didn't know about strawberries, while Hammie (after a hard beginning) softened down to a delightful discourse on the beauties of B. C.

Did you know that Mr. Tawse had just left us? Isn't it just too sickening the way the best men decide to go sooner or later? I believe he has got a very good job with the Niagara Brand Spray Co. but that he will reside in Montreal for a while at all events.

The Horticultural Option gave him a Dinner at the Hudson Bay the other night. Not being a live wire I was not present, but I dropped in afterwards and judging by the debris that I saw, I was inclined to believe that the dinner had been a huge success. They tell me that Mr. Tawse delivered a very interesting speech on how to choose apples, but that after a time he got a little muddled up, confusing apples with women. However, I am sure he could speak equally well on either delicacy, so I guess his audience benefited no end.

The Dean and Mrs. Barton entertained the Senior Aggies (plus partners) at a Buffet Tea the other day. This

was really most enjoyable, Pam, and we all had a great time. We had lots of dancing to the radio and Victrola either side of a splendid feed. Nobody upset their coffee, but one little girl who was there was heard to complain afterwards that she had eaten too much sugar. If you only knew the girl in question Pam, you would wonder how such a sweet thing could possibly eat any sugar at all.

Quite a number of short course students arrived for the Agricultural programme from Jan. 16-27th. They were kept busy with lectures of all descriptions, varying from such things that wear out in gas engines, to Bees, Parasites and Eggs. To finish up with, the Animal students held their annual Little Live Stock Show on the 26th. The Dean was supposed to be present, but unfortunately he got snowed up on his way back from Quebec, so Mr. A. R. Ness officiated in his place. Neil Drummond was Manager in Chief and was ably backed up by Madeleine Hawkes as Assistant. The weather was so cold that the animals were not allowed to be washed, but I guess they looked too cute all the same. Priscilla DeMille, from New York City, "succeeded in bringing out the winning Jersey heifer, fitted and shewn like a veteran" (Extract from Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal. Feb. 1st, 1928. Page 8, Colum 3).

The diploma Course started a precedent by putting on an Inter-year Debate last Wednesday, the first of its kind ever to be held. The two rival teams proceeded to discuss the problem of the freedom that was allowed to the modern young person. One side (Dawson and Conniff-2nd year) were absolutely convinced that this freedom was really perfectly O. K. but Bishop and Rob Smith, the latter of whom recited some amazing ads, went one

better by convincing the judges that such was not really the case. Anyhow, I feel it must have been a pretty close contest for Prof. Quayle, after having lauded the negative for their efforts, proceeded to give the verdict to the affirmative. This slight error, however, was speedily rectified.

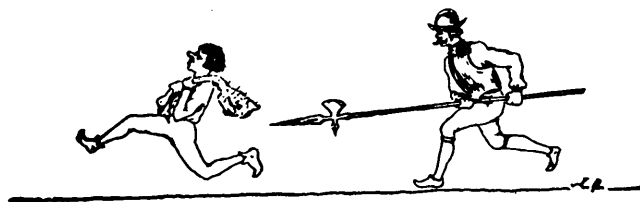
The various athletic teams have been showing up well lately. There have been some really amazing hockey games played here during the last month, the first of which caused a stupendous sensation, resulting as it did in a victory for the College over a hitherto unbeaten "Indian" team. Other games have followed which have all been hotly contested by both sides. The Girls Hockey were team unfortunate to lose to R. V. C. a week ago by a small margin. The game was played on the College rink and I fear the play must have suffered much from the inadequate lighting system that is at present installed there. I understand that the Girls have a very promising Basket Ball team too. Two out of the three games played last month resulted in some very close scoring, and points to an effective improvement in team work.

We had a great time in the Assembly Hall last night Pam, watching an

entertainment by the "Exiles," a group of Dip, students. The programme consisted of six items which kept us either highly amused or deeply intrigued the whole time. The entire production was of excellent quality and the acting in many cases was of outstanding merit. Especially do we congratulate Bishop, who, besides being in large measure responsible for the whole show, gave us some excellent acting. Among other players who showed considerable talent were Bob Kleibs, Ron Dawson, Charlie Eaves, G. Goss, F. B. Conniff and Bunny Lewis, etc. Some well-known folk songs were given during the intervals by The Exile Quartette in a spirited manner.

To-day is Founder's Day Pam, and we are expecting to celebrate it in a fitting manner. A show has been arranged to take place in the Assembly Hall during the evening, but we do not quite know what it is all going to be about. However, I will let you know what happens next time I write. And that's a promise, so don't you forget to do your share of the pen-wagging either.

All the best,
Yours as ever,
Clarence.



Music Moods

I

The orchestra was playing a melody of the South Seas. One could hear the occasional beat of a native drum, of the sound of Pacific waves washing along the coasts of palm-fringed coral islands. In my imagination I could see the dusky South Sea maidens dancing around village fires, encircled by their male admirers. I was taken back to lands of sunshine and happiness, where birds were singing, and the sunshine seemed to have entered into the lives of the people — places one must forget or one would be longing for the impossible.

The music stopped and the audience was filing out. I felt extremely happy — the music had made me forget my worries for a time, and instead of looming up ominously as they had done of late, they seemed now to be scarcely existent. It was only a fancy, of course, but what glorious relief, even though short-timed, that music had brought.

The spiritual power of music has always been manifest. It appeals to all, irrespective of class. The ancients possessed a great passion for music, as we do, although their instruments and tastes were different. As they loved their reeds and lyres, so we love our more modern instruments. No doubt they could produce music from their more primitive instruments quite as soul stirring to them as our more perfected instruments are to us to-day. Their music touched the same strings of emotion, stirring souls to anger, war or conquest, and to the gentler sentiments of love, happiness, or peace. Then, as now, all types of mankind loved music. The soldier of many

campaigns, sipping his wine and listening to the lyric of some fair maiden telling tales of valour and chivalry, aspired to feats of arms. Music moved the poet to inspiration, the statesman to nobler heights than political strife. Rulers and leaders of men were as susceptible to it as their subordinates. Nero was passionately fond of his fiddle, Brutus of the lyre, and Augustus Caesar loved the songs of a certain captive maiden from a northern land.

To-day we possess instruments more advanced in every way than those used in early times. When listening to an orchestra, or an organ, we can hear the winds and the waves, and the other voices of nature. Emotional pieces need no introduction — happiness, sorrow and other sentiments are easily discernable to the musical ear. The moods of the listeners often change with the music and the moods or sentiments portrayed in the music find their echo in the audience. There is, of course, no rose without a thorn. We have our very modern music, which is not appreciated, as a rule, by true music-lovers. Its life is short. Only a very few of the modern pieces last for more than a year or two — after that they are termed "stale". Dance music may put one in a frivolous mood for the time being, but it can never be called soul-stirring. It is really only a question of rhythm of sound. Not so with Mendelsohn and Handel, composers whose music comes ringing down through the ages; music which has seen times of war and of peace, has seen the rise and fall of empires, and has still the power of moving men's

soul's as much as ever. Indeed the beauties of such music are increased by the advent of modern musical instruments, for many hitherto hidden themes are now becoming manifest.

No one can over-estimate the enormous asset that music was to our men in the late European War. It acted as a stimulant to the troops. Aching feet and weary bodies were forgotten on the march when the band played the tunes that soldiers love. The Tommies would join in lustily, singing songs of war and conquest, or songs of the homeland. This would inspire in many an even greater hatred of the enemy than they had hitherto felt, and a greater desire to smash his armies. They had a glimpse of what would happen if they lost — smiling villages, with their quaint old cottages and ivy-covered churches, destroyed and the freedom that they had loved so well, now gone for ever. Only a mood, but, a dangerous one for their opponents. It had a greater effect than words could ever have had.

The poet is usually a great lover of music and his poetic moods are often inspired by it. By the passions it engenders in him, music often moves the poet to write some of his greatest works.

Some people say that they have no taste for music; they call it "highbrow". Such people should be pitied, for they do not know what they are missing. Content with snappy, easily learnt tunes, they have no desire for the higher types. This is often sheer laziness, for in order to appreciate good music, one must educate oneself to it and this education cannot be given, but must be achieved. To understand good music requires thought and concentration. To be influenced to the full by the moods portrayed by music,

the listener must appreciate and love it for itself.

Thus the power of music may be seen. It can control, or influence, one's emotions, soothing pain, bringing relief to the sick, and it is also appropriate for public gatherings, no matter what the nature of these may be. To the young it brings joy and happiness, to the old it brings back long forgotten memories, which linger long after music has ceased. It is the most beautiful and the most popular of the fine arts. It is immortal and people in years to come will undoubtedly be as charmed with it as we are to-day. It will continue to move men's emotions; moods may be but fantasies — inconstant and ever-changing, but what glorious abandon one experiences when one of these fantasies exercises itself upon one!

The appeal of music is universal — it is the poor man's Parnassus the rich man's preference. There is music in the tossing reed, the babbling brook, the song of birds and the sighing of the wind; in the words of M. G. Brainard, the American writer:—

"The rustle of the leaves in summer's hush

When wandering breezes touch them,
and the sigh

That filters through the forest, or the gush.

That swells and sinks amid the forest high,—

'Tis all the music of the wind, and we
Let fancy float on this aeolian breath."

Music — there's magic in the word and also in its effect upon the mind. It is one of life's greatest compensations and joys, and will carry on with its good work long after we are gone. It demands reverence and should get it.

E. M. B.

II

What does one mean by the title "Music Moods"? Music as we know it at the present time is really much more modern than people think, hence it is quite understandable for people to want and crave certain classes of music. One has to take into account the different types of music and their ages. By moods one means the particular wants of the moment. Music may be defined as, "The artistic use of the phenomenon of sound." This sound is not music as we think of it unless it has rhythm and theme. Notes played all in a jumble make just a discord. Another thing we must remember is 'silence', this is a form of music and some people consider this silence as music. Take, for instance the silence just before the end of the "Hallelujah Chorus", this comes just after a perfect hurricane of sound.

Music may appeal to one in two aspects—the emotional and the intellectual—these two do not exclude each other by any means. The cultured listener experiences both forms of pleasure, although it may happen that at any particular time one or other of these will predominate. An elaborate fugue will, as a rule appeal to the listener who can respond only to an emotional stimulus, but its intellectual qualities may be intensely interesting to one whose training and aptitude enables him to detect these.

No composer can always be in a state of excitement; this would be unnatural and exhausting, both to the listener and the player of the instrument. He must relax sometimes and it is at these times that he lets intellectual interest predominate, to the confusion of the superficial listener. This frequently occurs in the "working out" section of a symphony or a sonata

So that the listener can follow the composer's line of thought—to enter, as it were, into the composer's very mind and discover his method of working, it is necessary that he should have some knowledge or teaching of the principles underlying musical development. The transformation and combination of themes, tonality, tone colours and so-forth must be at least fairly well understood.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that some degree of familiarity is essential to the appreciation of any work of art. The feeling of satisfaction with which one recognises a familiar object can be one of the strongest pleasurable emotions. On the other hand an object entirely devoid of any familiar features interests us not at all. It is rather curious that in music the necessary degree of familiarity can be obtained with but little effort, certainly by those musically inclined. A very few repetitions of a harmonic progression, which at first sounds ugly, will make it so different that one will actually become quite fond of it. Bewilderment is one of the least pleasure emotions, therefore, we must try to conquer this by familiarity; that is, we must hear a complicated passage over and over again before we can hope to get the maximum enjoyment from it. Little pleasure will be obtained by hearing a long orchestral piece unless the main themes are learnt by heart, so that they can be recognised in whatever guise they appear.

As soon as these themes have been mastered, the listener should not pay so much attention to them (for they will stand out for themselves) but should listen particularly to the themes which lead up to them and accompany them.

It often happens that one is not able to study beforehand a work which one is going to hear for the first time. It is advisable in that case to be prepared to listen with an open mind; the nature and value of the work should not be judged by comparing it with another, which may have been planned on a different scale and written in another idiom altogether. For instance one could compare "The Mikado" with "Patience", but one could never compare it with the "Maestersingers."

In these days of modern science we have an assortment of musical instruments which are truly remarkable. One has a large assortment of types of music from which to choose, so that really there is no excuse for not finding

some kind of music to suit one's present mood. What with pianos, orchestras, community singing, solos and the gramophone there is as wide a range as anyone could ever want.

It is possible for one's moods to change extremely quickly, one might have the craving for the opera at one minute and the next be raving about jazz. This is not often the case, however, as those people who are really keen on opera, seldom have so quick a change come over them, though of course lots of people like dancing, and are real music lovers too—that is of classical music. You cannot compare opera and jazz as music, they are for two totally different purposes, so why try to compare them?

C. F. T. D.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Since the last Philharmonic Society's concert, there has been a considerable amount of discussion as to the right type of programme for a student audience. As long as the student-body continues to form the major portion of the audience, there would certainly appear to some excuse for a musical selection more suited to the general taste. Drawn, as they are, from many walks of life, the students as a whole lay no claim to any highly cultivated appreciation of the art. More particularly do the girl students deserve consideration, since for them attendance at the concerts is more or less a case of 'anything is better than nothing'. There is no alternative form of entertainment, other than sitting in their rooms and we can quite imagine that even this would pall on the seventh night in the week.

The College would be a sorry place, however, if there were no students capable of appreciating the more technically perfect forms of music. The preceding articles make it quite clear that we do include such fortunate beings among our number. We trust that the essays will be of interest to our readers for their originality of approach upon this subject.



The First Annual Convention of the National Federation of Canadian University Students

(Report of the Official Delegate from Macdonald College.)

By V. C. DAWSON

The convention, which lasted from the 27th to 30th inclusive of December, 1927, was held in Toronto. All the sessions were held in the Toronto University Club, which was very kindly loaned for this purpose by the Board of Governors of Toronto University. Too much credit cannot be given to this Board and to the student representatives for the unstinted efforts they made to ensure the comfort of the delegates and to make the Convention a success.

The Conference was formally opened at 2 p. m., Tuesday, Jan. 27, The President, Mr. L. I. Greene formally welcomed the delegates, following which Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University, extended the official welcome to the delegates from the University Authorities. Mr. W. A. Donohue, President of the Joint Executive, Students' Administrative Council, U. of T., extended the greetings of his fellow-students. Short addresses were also made by the following:—

Mr. F. Dorval, President, National Union of Students of England and Wales.

Mr. A. Haddon, representing the Students' Representative Councils of Scotland.

Mr. C. F. Bannerman, representing the Can. League of Nations Soc.

Mr. J. LeSage, of the University of Montreal.

Following these addresses, the secretary-treasurer presented the Annual

Report of the Officers of the Executive Committee.

Open sessions of the Conference were held Tuesday evening, Wednesday morning and afternoon, Thursday afternoon, Friday morning and afternoon. The time not thus occupied was spent on Committee work. The following subjects were appointed to Committee investigation after full discussion at the open sessions:—

- 1 The Exchange of Undergraduates.
- 2 The Athletic Situation.
- 3 Intercollegiate Debates.
- 4 International Relations.
- 5 The Subject of Reduced Railway Rates for Students.
- 6 The Advisability of an All-Canadian College Press Assoc.
- 7 General Matters.

Report of Committee 1.

The Exchange Scheme is sound and deserves the full consideration of each constituent member. The subject of remission of fees for the students taking advantage of this scheme is being brought to the attention of all University Authorities and it is likely that the majority will agree to it. Such a scheme would enable a third year student to spend that year in a college other than his own. By so doing, he would broaden his own vision and be of considerable value from the standpoint of inter-college relations. This scheme could well apply to Post-Graduates, providing that they are returning to their

own college to complete their studies.

Report of Committee 2.

It is proposed to form three distinct groups, respectively representing Western, Central and Eastern Canada. These Inter-Collegiate Athletic Unions would in turn be members of an All-Canadian Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union. The object of such a Union would be to promote a closer contact between the various sections of Canada; to enable the determination of the true Canadian College Champions; and in general to systematize Inter-College Athletics. It is recognized that the N. F. C. U. S. can only act in an advisory respect.

Report of Committee 3.

This committee recommends that the N. F. C. U. S. should promote in every way possible Canadian Inter-College Debates and debates with the American and British Universities. In this respect, your delegate has to inform you that a Debating Schedule has already been drawn up for the Canadian Colleges, and is at present in effect, in addition to which a team of Canadian Debaters is already chosen which will debate at the University centres of Great Britain during the coming year.

Report of Committee 4.

The committee has agreed that Canada should take an active part in the meeting of the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants. It was pointed out that this country might not only act as an interpreter of England to France but might also act in the same capacity between England and the United States. After full consideration, the N. F. C. U. S. was formally admitted as a full member of the Confederation during the last session at Rome. Various suggestions were offered as to membership, the particular re-

lations and aims that Canada should strive to develop etc.

Report of Committee 5.

A special Committee with headquarters in Montreal has been formed to further investigate this question. It was proposed that the members of this committee be drawn equally from the U. of Montreal and McGill University. This investigation will occupy considerable time and the concrete report of the work accomplished will probably not be ready for publication before the next Conference.

Report of Committee 6.

The formation of the organization of such a press association is not deemed advisable at the present time.

The following recommendations were adopted by the Conference.

- (1) That the objects of the N. F. C. U. S. could be further advanced by each University having a well organized exchange service in their local university publications.
- (2) That the editors of college papers in Canada should be approached and requested to give more space to exchange articles from other Canadian universities.

Report of Committee 7.

The subjects discussed by this committee were as follows:—

- (1) Student Employment.
- (2) The Soliciting of External Financial Aid to enable the N. F. C. U. S. to extend the scope of its activities.
- (3) Co-operative Buying of Supplies etc.
- (4) Harvest Tours for Canadian and Foreign Students.

Other details of lesser importance were brought up for discussion and considered by the Conference.

It will be of interest to Macdonald students to learn that the entire student

body, with the exception of the short - courses and Elementary Classes, is a full member of the N. F. C. U. S. and your delegate is convinced that the Federation will prosper and serve a long - felt want to the University Students of Canada. Its future is bright, its aims worthy, and it deserves the full co-operation of every such

student in Canada. The very vastness of Canada itself makes some connecting link a necessity if Canadian students are to have an understanding and appreciation of the conditions and problems of students in other sections of the Dominion.

All of which is respectfully submitted.



Faculty Items

Dr. H. D. Brunt has been giving a series of lectures under the general heading "A Wanderer in Literature". The separate titles are: "The Inn in English Literature"; "Satire in English Literature"; "Biography, Memoirs and Memoirs' Writers"; "Parody and Light Verse"; "Ballads, Old and New"; "Evolution of the Short Story". The lectures have been given under the auspices of Sir George Williams' College, Central Y. M. C. A., Montreal.

Dr. Snell attended meetings of the Council of the Canadian Institute of Chemistry and the Provisional Council of the Canadian Chemical Association in Ottawa on January 3rd.

Dr. Snell, who is Chairman of the Montreal Section of the Society of Chemical Industry, is scheduled to address the Ottawa Section on April 19th on, "The Maple Sugar Industry".

Professor W. A. Maw was re-elected President of the Canadian National Poultry Record Association at their Annual Meeting in Toronto on February 9th.

Professor L. G. Heimpel has been confined to his bed with a severe attack of arthritis since early in January.

We regret the loss of Professor W. J. Tawse and family from the campus. Professor Tawse has resigned his position on the Horticulture Department

to take up commercial work with the Niagara Spray Company, being located in Montreal.

Mr. T. F. Ritchie, class '15, of the Horticulture Department, Central Experiment Farm, Ottawa, is at present assisting Professor Bunting with the teaching work.

R. R. McKibbin of the Chemistry Department has been appointed Canadian member of the Nitrogen Research Award Committee of the American Society of Agronomy for the years 1928 and 1929. This committee has the awarding of \$5,000.00 annually to individuals who have performed outstanding research on economic agricultural nitrogen problems. The funds are provided by the Chilean Nitrate Company.

Miss Philp visited Ormstown on January 20th, giving a short talk on the work of the Women's Institutes at a general meeting of the members of the Dairymen's Association, and their wives.

Principal E. C. Irvine, Principal and Superintendent of High and Public Schools, St. Lambert, has been appointed Lecturer in Mathematics in the School for Teachers, his duties to commence 1st. of September 1928.

Mr. Irvine obtained his B. A. degree with honours, specializing in Mathematics and Physics, from Toronto University in 1903, obtaining his degree of M. A. a year later. He attended the Stratford Model School for the Training of Teachers and also the Hamilton Normal College. He taught Mathematics and Physics in Stanstead College until 1908, was Principal of Sherbrooke High School from 1908-1911, and returned to Stanstead in 1911. From 1915-1918 Mr. Irvine enlisted for overseas service, returning to Stanstead and remaining there until 1924. In this year, he resigned to accept a position

on the Staff of St. Lambert High School and 1925 became principal and superintendent.

Miss V. B. Ramsay read a paper on January 31st, 1928, to the members of the Montreal Kindergarten Teachers' Association on "Mental Tests and Intelligence Measurements" for young children; their value to the teacher; by whom should the tests be made, and how should they be taken.

Miss M. Winnona Cruise, for several years lecturer in Foods and Cookery in the School of Household Science, who has since been taking post-graduate work at Chicago University, is now in charge of the department of nutrition at the Stout Institute, Menominie, Wisconsin.

The February number of the American Home Economics Journal contains an article on "The behaviour of Sulphur Compounds in Cooking vegetables" giving the results obtained by Miss Jean Simpson, formerly of the Household Science Staff, in her studies at the Chicago University last year. Miss Simpson is now on the Home Economics Staff of Cornell University.

Mr. A. J. G. Maw '23 is at present temporarily attached to the Poultry Department doing investigational work. Mr. Maw attended the Canadian National Poultry Record Association's annual meeting in Toronto on February 9th, to present a paper on "The Effect of Date of Commencement of Laying on Winter and Annual Egg Production as well as Egg Size." The findings are the result of an analysis of R. O. P. records in the Barred Plymouth Rock fowl for a period of three years covering the Dominion.

Miss Jessie Heslop, after several years of clerical service on the Macdonald College Staff has resigned to become the bride of Mr. Elmo Deslauriers of Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

The sympathy of the Staff is extended to Miss McCain who has just returned after being called home early in January by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. H. H. McCain, Floreneville, N. B.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lampman on the birth of a daughter on February 5th at State College, Moscow, Idaho. Mrs. Lampman, formerly Miss Eleanor Roach, was in charge of Extension work in the School of Household Science several years ago.

Miss Evelyn Windsor, who supplied on the Extension Staff of the School of

Household Science in July and August, 1927, has been appointed Superintendent of Women's Institutes for Prince Edward Island.

Mrs. M. H. Howitt and daughter "Peggy" spent a month on the campus the guests of Mrs. N. Hodgins and Mrs. W. A. Maw.

Miss C. Sutton, formerly Housekeeper of the Residences, is at present Housekeeper-Secretary in a School for Boys, "Abberley Hall", Worcestershire, England. Miss Sutton hopes to return to Canada next autumn and go to British Columbia.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DIPLOMA INTER-CLASS DEBATE

"Though Allah and Earth pardon sin, remaineth for ever Remorse"

(Rudyard Kipling)

*Remorse, Romance, today you have your say,
Freedom and knowledge, choice to choose your way,
And do you thus prefer to neck and play
With different Boys or Girls most ev-ry day?*

*Oh sure! for ev'ryone must have their fling.
Repression's such a dull and dreadful thing.
Is this the illusive song we sing?
Can we not control this coiled spring?*

*Since it alone gives energy to life —
Enabling us to stem the storm and strife—
Inspiring, as by "pipes," or drum and fife,
Magic, mystic, music 'tween man and wife.*

*Nay let us place more faith in fate, and wait,
Believing in ourselves, that soon or late,
Must gravitate to us an ideal mate;
Drawn by latent sacred love, that nought can turn to jealousy
[or hate.*

*No chance for me you say! for I'm not fair.
Why charm of manner wins through ev'rywhere—
When heart and soul both play their rôle, a wisp of hair
May light the flame where nobleness and virtue pair.*

IN MEMORIAM



The late Margaret Jamieson Gardner

Inst, Ad. 1925.

Staff and classmates sympathize deeply with Mr. and Mrs. McLeod Gardner, Brockville, Ont., in the loss of their only daughter, Margaret, who died on Monday, February 26th at the Ross Memorial Pavilion, Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, where she had been a patient for the greater part of the past year.

Miss Gardner received her early education at Brockville Public and High Schools, and later entered the Institution Administration Course, School of Household Science from which she graduated in June, 1925. After graduation she spent six months at the Ottawa Civic Hospital taking a pupil dietitian course then remained for two months supplying for the assistant dietitian. The summer of 1926 was spent at Bigwin Inn, Lake of Bays, as assistant in the dietary department there. At

the close of the season Miss Gardner was recommended for the post of dietitian at the McGill Street, Y. W. C. A., Toronto, a position she held until failing health made it necessary for her to give up at Christmas. In spite of expert medical skill, and the best nursing care, it proved impossible to arrest the progress of disease. A slight improvement enabled her to spend part of the summer months at home but with September further symptoms developed and strength gradually failed.

During her two years at Macdonald Miss Gardner was held in the highest esteem by both staff and students.

In addition to her personal qualities, Miss Gardner gave promise of a very successful career in her chosen profession, and her death is a distinct loss.

Memories from the Life of a Wanderer

The run across Russia from what was St. Petersburg to Vladivostok in those happy pre-war days, when the Trans-Siberian Express was the most elegantly appointed, if not the fastest train in the world. The compartment was full of Russian army officers; laughing-eyed, bearded men going out East and South to take command on the Czar's far-flung frontiers, who took a great delight in teaching me to puff at their cigarettes, much to my fond parents' indignation, who objected to having their four year old son thus perverted.

The never-to-be-forgotten International Exhibition held at Ghent before the war, a veritable fairyland that captured my childish fancy. And the terrific importance I attached to my father for months afterwards because he had been responsible for the construction of one of the exhibits.

The race from Moscow, through Berlin, to Havre when the Gods of War began to gird on their armour in 1914; ended the wonderful surge of patriotism which shook my boyish soul when the ship which carried us from Havre to England, steamed past the assembled Royal Navy, watchful and grim, whose squadrons had returned from the Earth's seven seas to, presumably, take part in the Spithead Revue and which had been maintained there, en masse, in the face of great opposition by one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. The admiration and respect with which I regarded my elder brother, a midshipman on H. M. S., later killed in the Pacific.

And now a gap of years passes with no outstanding incidents, until at last I stand glorified in the blue and gold uniform of the sea-service. The sea-fever had been steadily growing and my threat of running away had secured from my parents consent to a sea career. How well do I remember the feeling of my own importance, when, after receiving my commission, I went around to pay my farewell calls; and how much more respectful everyone appeared to be! It was as though I had grown-up over night and suddenly become a man. I wonder if I realised then what my future was going to be.

The scene drops and lifts again in Russia in 1921; Caucasian Russia, ground down and blood-soaked by Bolshevism at its worst, and only those who saw it can understand what that means. The heartless massacres, lust, cruelty and oppression were causing my young soul to forget that there is a God. The sight of two hundred people being mown down by a machine-gun and then kicked,—dead and living—into a sewer, make me wonder just what we men are, under the veneer of civilisation. I come face to face with Death itself, for the first time in my life and find that I am not afraid, much to my surprise. It is like everything else—if one lives with it one soon ignores its existence. I discover unthought-of depths of cruelty in the natures of my shipmates and in myself. Ah! Holy Russia, you have left memories I would fain forget.

I am in hospital in Australia, half way across the world from my own

people, with a malady the nature of which puzzled my doctors. How my delirious fancy wanders back to Canada and how much I wanted not to die so far from home! I become well and sail around the coast in a square-rigger to rejoin my own ship in Sydney, N. S. W.

Thus does the tide of recollection flow through my mind. The world I have seen and the people of the world,

at their worst and at their best. Now, my adventuring days are over and the thought leaves no regrets. Why should it? Mine has been a life rich in experiences and it is difficult for me to realize, now, that I have been where I have been and seen what I have seen. The most conspicuous moment of my life, you ask? It was to see the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet in 1918. Nothing has eclipsed that, and nothing can. And now to work!



Christianity and Students

Bernard Shaw's pessimistic impression that Christmas is a remnant of paganism, had no reflection on the students who gathered in Detroit for the Tenth Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement on December 28th, 1927. Special trains poured into the city bringing students from almost all the universities and colleges of the United States and Canada, in addition to many representatives and speakers from various other countries. Taxis and even the less sedate street cars were pressed into service in order to transport the 4,000 delegates from the depots to Convention Headquarters, the Masonic Temple — a magnificent seven million dollar Gothic edifice.

The attention that the vanguard had paid to every detail would have made an efficiency expert quail. Registration and assignment to hotels was but the matter of a few seconds. Even the cheapest eating-places had not been overlooked, though these were overlooked by the delegates for the first two or three days!

The daily procedure consisted of speeches from 9.0 to 11.15 A. M., then one hour's discussion in assigned groups. The afternoons were devoted to sectional meetings, followed by recreation and entertainments, which included a Miracle Play "Kerbala," and "The Colour Line." Speeches were also given in the evenings between 7 and 9 o'clock.

Most of the speakers were nationals of other countries. Mr. Wei analysing the Chinese question with a view to stimulating missionary work, pointed out that the greatest changes in the

history of China are taking place to-day. These changes are more far-reaching than the former similarities of Confucianism and the introduction of Buddhism. China is attempting to modernise her warfare, government and literature, taking as her example the culture of the West. When Mr. Wei was at school, no oratory or composition would be tolerated unless it savoured of how to make China strong. Regrettable though it may be, war will be the result, if the present force of nationalism increases greatly.

Old peaceful China with its ancestral worship — a worship that leaves out everything that is ugly — is fading. It is unfortunate that China did not come in contact with the rest of the world other than through commerce. Commerce being associated with greed, it is but natural that even missionaries are suspected of other motives. Missionaries have been sent out in gunboats; how different from the pioneer Buddhist, who went to the land defenceless! These men won their way to hearts of thousands of the Chinese, but Buddhism with its self-negation, its Middle Path to Nirvana, does not bring out the individual as does Christianity.

The great need of China is that the West should show more ethics in its business relations with her, together with the growth of a church on Christian principles; a church that would have sympathy with Chinese traditions and become indigenous. The future will be dismal if China develops along material lines and does not form a compatible spiritual life. Machinery in America has multiplied the productive power of men thirty-two times.

Imagine this condition in China with its teeming millions!

Another speaker, Dr. Hodgins, struck the optimistic note that there was in the world to-day a fine spirit of youth questing science, and a growing realization that old men make policies and wars, and that young men pay the penalty when these go wrng. He regretted that the Church halts before the great evils of to-day — both social and industrial — that have arisen out of the growth of civilization. He was thankful that the appeal of Hell had gone out of religion.

In speaking of India Mr. Holland said that the Indian asks "Are you here for our benefit or your own?" He senses the injustice of inequality practised by many. They obtain the idea that Christ came to found a new religion in competition with others; it is the missionaries' task to lead unto truth, and not necessarily to convert. The speaker realized in the beginning of the Great War, that the Christianity with which he had been brought up lacked something fundamental, when he saw the Church take, as it did, a national stand.

Dr. Akagi, a Japanese, remarked that Christianity had become one of the greatest forces in his country. While church-goers were not numerous, Christian thinkers were innumerable — Christianity is innate. Seventy years of contact with the Western world has made Japan a modern nation. She is facing to-day industrial and social problems of equal magnitude to those of the Western nations. A revival of Buddhism has been recently tried, but the solution must come from Christianity.

Miss Kim of Korea, vivacious and pretty, lowered the specific gravity of the atmosphere when she described how as a young girl, having lost her

father and brothers, her mother desired to give her an education. There being no such thing as a co-ed college in Korea then, her mother dressed her as a boy and packed her off to school. She played, quarreled and fought with the boys — nobody knowing that she was a girl. Certainly her early environment had no effect upon her feminine charms!

Other addresses were given, but the speakers from all other countries emphasized that Christianity, to succeed, must become indigenous, and that Christ must not belong to any particular race. They all lamented the demoralising effect that the West was having upon Africa and the East.

An interesting phase of the discussion groups was the variety of accents. About sixty students were in a group and no two were from the same college; from Alabama one listened to a 'coloured accent'; from Missouri an exceptional drawl; together with the matter-of-fact Texan. The discussions were radical. A student from McMaster's suggested that Christianity was like the high-way to Toronto, the byways, being the other religions, would lead one to the same goal but not so directly. Some thought that other religions were only fit for the scrap-heap, which incited the retort that some of the Christian religion deserved the same destiny. The "colour line" and "should Christianity begin at home" were discussed, the conclusions not being very definite.

A trip to Ford's motor plant was arranged. Missing the scheduled bus a Ford Rouge street car was boarded — and what a dismal scene! Packed with workmen, spiritless, worn out with repeated eight-hour shifts and a two-hour daily street-car ride. What a reflection on mass-production! Gluck admitted that the finest tones for

the groundwork of his best compositions were obtained from the crowd clamouring for bread; but this "still, sad music of humanity" should incite more than art. These men go home tired-out, and lose their identity in such a big city; there is no self-pride in one's environs as in smaller communities — spending money is the only pastime. As a Canadian speaker remarked, we have a wonderful opportunity in our young country of avoiding the evils of centralisation, and it is the duty of students to interest themselves in the machinery of government in order to learn how to prevent this industrial evil.

On New Year's Eve the Convention closed, leaving a genuine feeling of earnest desire among the students, a stimulus obtained from the inter-change of ideas in this unique gathering. The stimulus received can be summed up in the words of a medical student from Toronto, who said that he felt more strongly the desire to carry on his work during the holidays, and after graduation,—giving medical attention and instruction to foreign labour employed on the railroads out West. Whether this choice of employment will lead him to success can be judged by reading the play "The Fool," by Cheening Pollock.



'Aphrodite'

The Magazine Board takes great pleasure in congratulating Miss Margaret Marshall, Teacher's Short Course 1927, on her poem 'Aphrodite', to which the judges awarded the prize of five dollars offered for the best contribution to the first issue.

We would also like to take this opportunity of thanking those members of the Staff, who so kindly judged for us.

Diana.

(In reply to the *Aphrodite* of M. G. M.)

*Over the trees the tempests blare,
Chilling a maiden bronzed and fair,
With eyes afire, and streaming hair,
As she waits for the game to leave its lair*

*In sylvan glens and flowery dells,
This chaste and lovely goddess dwells,
Midst bluebells in the leafy shades,
And the green and gold of sunlight glades.*

*Gay butterflies flit in and out,
And majestic peacocks strut about,
Where, reclining on the mossy lawns,
Diana feeds her favourite fawns*

*Near crystal streams to cool their feet,
While gentle zephyrs break the heat.
Should she desire to rest her head,
Faithful hounds surround her bed.*

*Now, when hungry hunters lose their way,
They are apt, unconsciously to pray,
But Diana hearing, will guide them fearing,
Till they know the site they're nearing.*

*Or, if they should get benighted,
Round a roaring fire well lighted,
Long ere the flames have ceased to leap
They will be overcome by sleep;*

*Dreaming of the splendid trophies won
Till at the rising of the sun
They awaken to the magic flute,
And the farewell touch of a chaste salute.*

*We crave her help for those who go
Armed only with the bow,
Screened in jungle, dark and narrow,
Depending on a single arrow.*

*With shapely hands and glorious hair,
Diana stands, divinely fair,
So fleet of foot, this graceful twin
Will race you o'er the downs and win.*

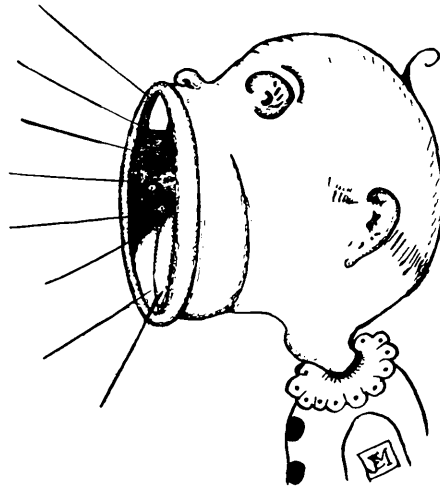
*So here's to lovers of outdoor life,
May they ever be happy and free from strife.
Those who prefer the frail and flighty
May sing the praise of *Aphrodite*.*

J. E. D.

A Happy New Year

By

ONYX



SPECTED

"A happy New Year!" What a familiar phrase that is to us at the commencement of each Calendar Year! "What is your New Year's resolution, and how many of them are you going to break?" are other well-known words which fall from the cherry lips of the modern flapper and the hoary-headed cake-eater of to-day.

Well! What of it? It's my New Year, isn't it? How do you know it's happy? How do you know I made any resolution, and if so, what makes you think I am going to break it? Here, have a gum drop so you won't talk so much. Shut up! Gr-r-r-r.....blan-ety-blank!!

"I see a smiling face, a fire-place, a cozy room" may sound all right on paper. Pardon the question, but how many actual cases do you know which portray the words of the song. I can mention a few, but most of the cases we know cannot be mentioned in any song, and even then it would never be popular, because so little fantasy would be present, and we of this earth love day-dreams, even if it takes a foxtrot to bring them about.

"A Happy New Year? Why, bless your tender heart, lady, what makes you think it's a happy one for me. Look at my wife over there, trying to grind out a few wheezy songs on the barrel organ. Look at her there, her fingers blue with cold, and her face flushed with illness. Here I am begging from you because I have to. People will not have a man as old as I am. Won't you give me a penny, sir? No sir, we won't live very long, but we hope we'll pass away in some sunny day in summer. No sir, we haven't any children, thank Heaven! Yes, its cold and wet, sir. Thank you for the help sir, Happy New Yew, sir."

"Waiter, more ginger ale, and be quick about it! Heck, Marie, I don't mind the cost. It's New Year's, isn't it? Have a shot of this rye. It's good stuff. You've had enough? Heck, you haven't started yet. Be a sport. Sure there's lots of money in this pocket. Waiter, another ginger ale. Watch that one slide under the table! Gee, she's tight! Who is that woman cackling yonder? May be she's going to lay an egg. Let's dance! Too tired?

Razzberries! The evening hasn't started yet. Come on. Be a sport. Black bottom? Sure, watch my version. Ain't it a corker? Wow! Blow that whistle! We're off. Whee-e-e!"

"A happy New Year, folks! Well, really this is too wonderful for words! How could you think of anything so nice? What lovely pearls. Dear daddy, you will be so nice to me. I'm too thrilled for words. There, how do you like that kiss? It's the first I gave away this year. Oh he! He'll be around presently and get his share. I haven't been near you for so long that I forgot how nice it feels to be at home again. That goose smells good. I love roast goose. Heaps of mashed potatoes! Mother, you darling! I don't care, even if I am trying to reduce. I'm not fat anyway. Who cares what one eats on New Year's anyway? There's Dick. Isn't he handsome? Isn't he going to make you a peach of a son-in-law? Oh Dick! Yoo Hoo!!"

"I wish our son were here for his holidays. Do you realize, mother, that this is the fourth Christmas and New Year's that Tom has been away from home? It's a pity his college isn't closer. He will probably be as lonely as we are. No, I am sure that the city life has not spoilt him. We will have to have some of the neighbours come and spend the day with us. They will never replace our son's absence. I hope he's happy. Sure, send him that parcel. Make it big. Wait, send this along too. He may be earning money, but this helps. Look at that picture on the wall. He looks just like you, mother. Your eyes, wavy hair, nose and most everything. That dignity runs in our family, however, and you know it, mother, because I've told you more than once. I hope he will be able to come home though. Perhaps he is keeping it for a surprise and'll come

when we least expect him. Never mind, mother, don't cry, he will come home as soon as he can. He is a wonderful son, and a great credit to you, mother. Perhaps he'll arrive to-morrow. Let us hope he will anyway."

"What a dull place this is. It is well said that the big city can be the loneliest place in the world to the stranger. Why on earth did I have to come here at this time of the year when I could have been comfortable at home? Look at that jolly party there at the next table. Hear them laugh. Waiter, I wish you would take this dish away. My appetite is all gone. No, never mind anything else, bring the coffee. Gee, I feel blue! I can't stand this any longer. I wish I had received a letter from home to-day. They must have forgotten me. What a dull life I'm leading! Better end it all. Broke, not a single friend here, not a soul who cares a rap about what happens to me! Maybe I had better go and see if I can't get some sleep. Waiter, my check! Happy New Year? Damn!"

"All right boys, let her go! Make it snappy! Come on sax, a little pep. Maybe we're not some orchestra! Twenty plunks each is not so bad for an evening's work. Step on it, and we're away. Look at that lot of hicks on the floor. Tight as usual, and thinking it a 'Gran' an glorious feelin'. Look at that fat dame trying to step fast with Smith. Wow, what a couple! See them rocking. If she falls we'll need a derrick to get her up again. Say, these places make me sick. I wish I didn't have to work on this job, but one must eat, and wife would kick if I couldn't get a decent roll. This Jazz makes me cuckoo. Why on earth did I study music anyway? Sure, mister, want that again! Blue Heaven again, boys. They just eat it up. Come on, pep it up! We got to eat!"

"Isn't it a perfect night? Are you going to stay up 'till midnight to hear the whistles? Last year we had lots of fun trying to count the whistles. I like walking like this when my feet don't get too cold. It usually does get cold, though, and then its no fun. Just take a look at Orion. Isn't he perfect to-night? There's Ursa major. There's Jupiter. Must be wonderful to live on a place which owns a bunch of moons. I heard or read some where that Jupiter has eight or nine of them. How utterly romantic! I guess they don't have to have any lights on the cars there, if there are half a dozen moons in the sky at once. I wish somebody would find a way to go to the big planets. Gee, its great to be out like this. My feet and hands are getting cold. Let's go in. There's lots to eat,

even though I don't believe I can eat a bit. I never had an appetite during Christmas week. Isn't it funny? Nearly midnight? There they go. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! A Happy New Year!"

"A Happy New Year." What does it mean to us? To some it means the opening of new realms of discovery. To others it may mean a total obscurity. What does the New Year hold for us? We cannot tell. Let's all take a chance on our Luck. We may never have an opportunity to enjoy another. A morbid thought, but true. Sure, let's celebrate as well as we can and according to our inclinations. Let's be happy. Let's greet the New Year with a smile, remembering that it's "Peace on Earth and good will to men."

THE END



THE 'LITTLE LIVESTOCK SHOW' EXECUTIVE

Macdonald College Little Live Stock Show

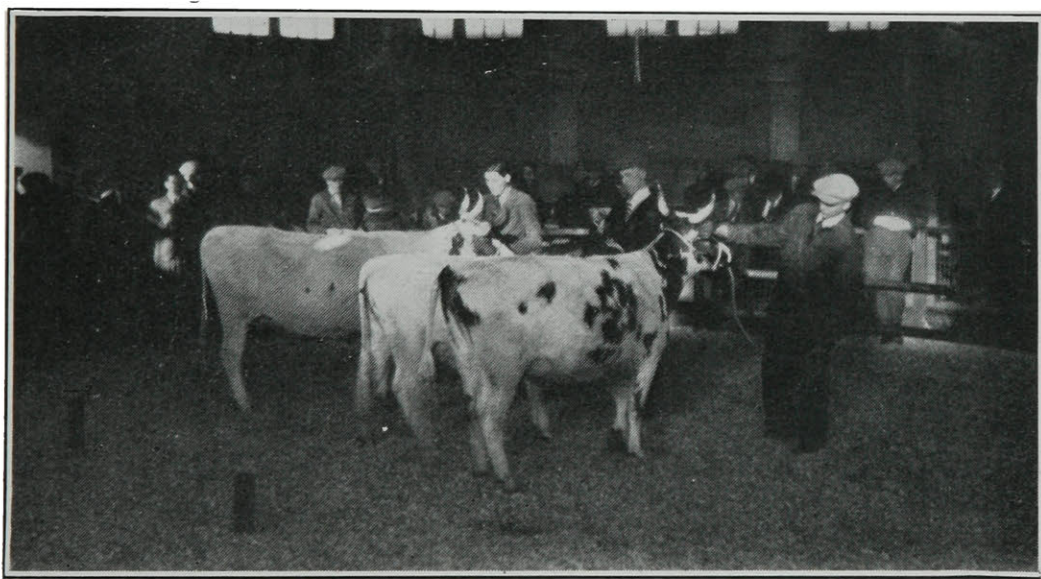
Thursday afternoon, January 26th, 1928. This show is put on as part of the programme for the Winter Short Course in Agriculture. The entire show is run by the college students, mostly if not all are students in the Animal Husbandry Course, but the Animal Husbandry Department supervises and renders advice. The show was held in the stock judging arena which was nicely decorated with green and gold papers and streamers. The attendance was very good, there were many students and members of the staff and also a number of outsiders.

DIRECTORS.

R. E. Richards, Agr. '30.
C. M. Archibald, Agr. '30.
C. B. Dalton, Agr. '30.
J. C. Woodward, Agr. '30.
W. R. Waugh, Dip. '28.
E. Stowe, Dip. '28.
S. Swan, Dip. '28.
H. Rose, Dip. '28.

JUDGES.

Sheep and Swine—A. A. MacMillan,
Sheep and Swine Division, Ottawa.
Ayrshires—D.C. Dunsmore, Ayrshire
Breeder, Swanton, Ver. Mr.



Everything went off in fine style and the judges made good comments on the way the show was handled and the manner in which the animals were prepared and shown.

The organization was as follows:

OFFICERS.

Manager

N. A. Drummond, Agr. '28.

Assist. Manager

Miss M. Hawkes, Agr. '29.

Ring Manager

A. E. Johnson, Agr. '29.

Supt.-in-chief

A. Deakin, Agr. '28.

Greenshields, Mrg., for W. W. Skinner at Bois de la Roche.

Holsteins—C. Goodhue, Raymondale Farm, Vaudreuil, Que.

Awards for placings were:

1st — Red Ribbon.

2nd — Blue Ribbon.

3rd — Green Ribbon.

4th — Orange Ribbon.

5th — White Ribbon.

The show started at 1.30 P.M. with an opening speech from the manager N. Drummond. He explained the purpose of the show to the spectators. The object was to familiarize the students,

more particularly the Diploma Course, with the handling of stock. It also gave an idea of the work to be done with animals, how they should be prepared for shows, and the actual practice of showing them, before judges, to their best advantage; and thereby enable them to pick out good animals themselves. He also made it clear to everyone that it was entirely a student function.

After N. Drummond's address A. Johnson announced the first class to be shown.

CLASS I,

Swine — Yorkshire Gilts.

Sup't. — J. C. Woodward.

CLASS II

Sheep — Cheviot Ewe Lambs.

Sup't. — H. Rose.

Judge — A. A. MacMillan.

Winners:

1st — K. McBane,
W. Dickison.

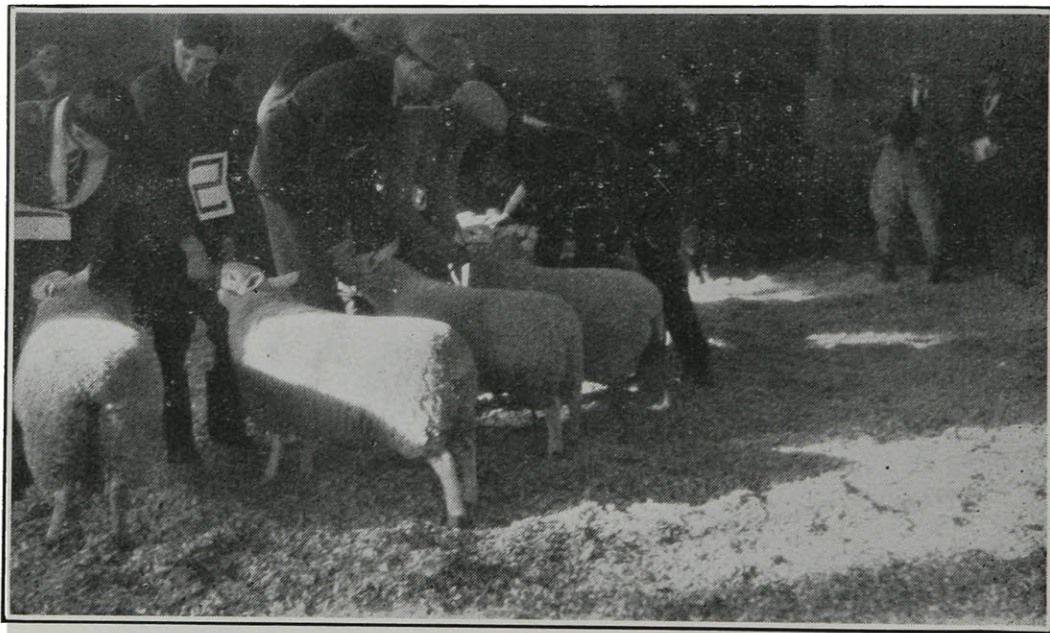
2nd — W. C. McBane.
J. Watson.

3rd — G. Goss,
C. Derbyshire.

4th — S. Nadir,
R. Smith.

5th — N. Brown,
E. L. Weld.

Mr. MacMillan spoke highly of the boys and their animals in this class



Judge — A. A. MacMillan.

Winners:

1st — C. Taylor.

2nd — R. Healy

3rd — G. Hames.

4th — W. Elliott.

5th — M. Pike.

Mr. MacMillan complimented the boys and the superintendent on the fine management of the animals in the ring and the way that they had worked to prepare them. He thought it was to their credit for taking such interest and care with their work on the animals.

He stated that it was a fine class of ewes and some were among the best that he had ever seen. They all bore good quality fleece and the whole class showed good management and plenty of preparation. The first was quite the best animal of the class and the rest followed very close behind and of such equally good quality as to make them hard to place.

CLASS III — Section 1

Ayrshire — 2 years in milk.

Sup't. — C. B. Dalton.

Acting Sup't C. S. Hudson.

Judge — D. C. Dunsmore.
Winners:

- 1st — L. Richardson.
- 2nd — J. E. Lockitt.
- 3rd — P. F. Hadden.
- 4th — H. Yarosky.

Mr. Dunsmore complimented the boys on their work and showing, also, speaking of the animals, that the first was an easy winner and that the rest were hard to place, all being of much the same class.

CLASS III — Section 2

Ayrshire — Senior Yearlings.

Sup't. — R. E. Richards.

Judge — Mr. Greenshields.

Winners:

- 1st — J. Hunter.
- 2nd — J. Gray.
- 3rd — T. B. Cooper.
- 4th — O. H. Smith.
- 5th — L. M. Dryden.
- 6th — L. C. Bennett.
- 7th — M. Mason.

Mr. Greenshields said that this class showed up very well, the boys were also demonstrating them in the best possible manner to bring out the good points of the animals. He was especially complimentary to the first man on his good attention to the animal and the way that he showed it off to the best of advantage.

CLASS III — Section 3

Ayrshires — Senior Calves.

Sup't. — C. M. Archibald.

Judge — D. C. Dunsmore.

Winners:

- 1st — N. Beach.
- 2nd — W. Miller.
- 3rd — E. M. Bennett.
- 4th — J. Aldham.
- 5th — H. Hartz.
- 6th — A. Shuttleworth.
- 7th — S. Argue.

Mr. Dunsmore said that the first was certainly the winner and that the rest came in much the same class.

AYRSHIRE CHAMPIONSHIP

The Ayrshire Championship, after three Ayrshire classes, was held to choose the best animal of the three Ayrshire winners.

Judge — Mr. Greenshields.

Winners:

- 1st — J. Hunter, Senior Yearling.
- 2nd — N. Beach, Senior Calf.
- 3rd — L. Richardson, Heifer 2 years in milk.

Mr. Greenshields gave the yearling first place because it was a well balanced animal and would make a fine dairy cow. He specially complimented the boys of the Championship Class on the fine ability they displayed in showing their animals.

CLASS IV

Holsteins — Mature Cows.

Sup't. — E. Stowe.

Judge — C. Goodhue.

Winners:

- 1st — R. A. Sanderson.
- 2nd — W. P. Penney.
- 3rd — Sup't. E. Stowe.
- 4th — A. A. Grove.

Mr. Goodhue after judging said that that the animals were mostly of the same type and placing was rather difficult, but he placed them that way and gave reasons which he thought justified his placement.

CLASS IV — Section 2

Holsteins — Senior Calves.

Sup't — W. R. Waugh.

Judge — C. Goodhue.

Winners:

- 1st — W. M. Cavaye.
- 2nd — R. G. Conner.
- 3rd — K. Finlayson.
- 4th — W. Hillhouse.

Mr. Goodhue said that the first was easily the winner but the second and third were hard to place since they were both of the same type.

HOLSTEIN CHAMPIONSHIP

Mr. Goodhue judged this to pick out the best animal of the two winners in the Holstein Classes.

Winners:

- 1st — R. A. Sanderson, Mature Cow
- 2nd — W. M. Cavaye, Senior Calf.

CLASS V

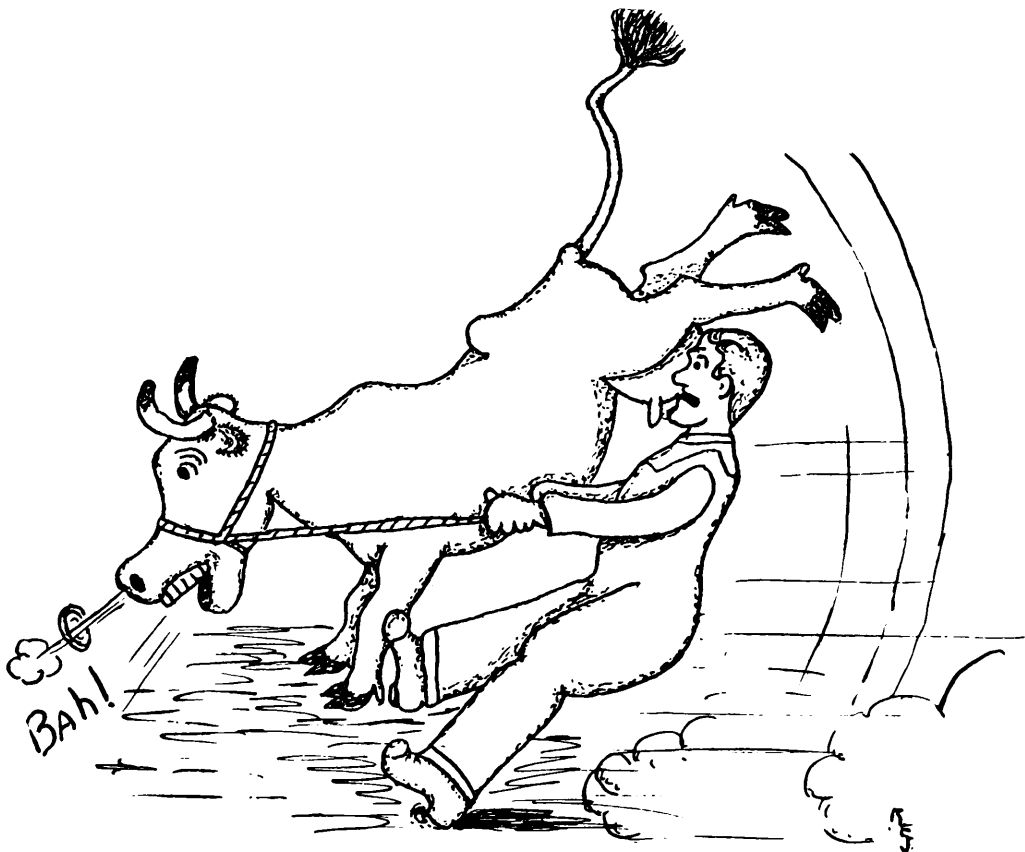
- Jersey — 2 years dry.
- Sup't. — C. Swan.
- Judge — Mr. Poole.

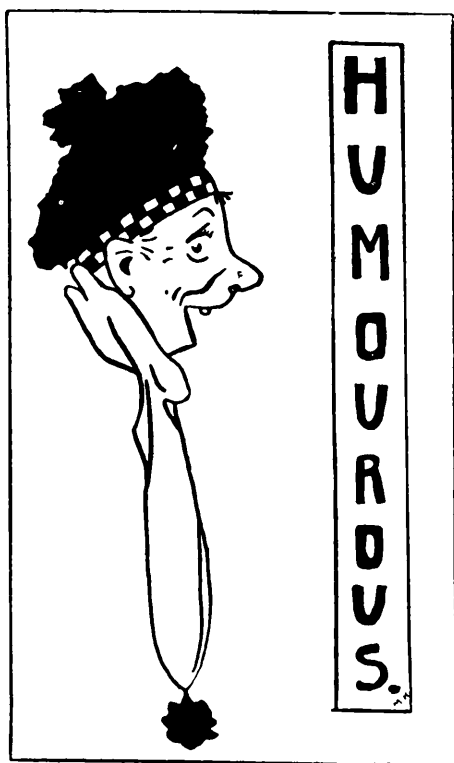
Winners:

- 1st — Miss P. de Mille.
- 3rd — K. Morton.
- 4th. — H. Journeaux.
- 5th — R. Sketch.

Mr. Poole said that the winner was easily the best because it was the largest and heaviest in the class and would make a good dairy cow, the second was not quite so large, and the other three were hard to choose from but they differed in small points.

A. E. Johnson then announced the close of this year's livestock show and thanked everyone for their assistance in making it such a success. Mr. Ness of the Animal Husbandry Department closed the proceedings by a short speech. In speaking of the students he explained that it was no dishonour to be placed last because the animals shown were drawn for and the one who drew the best animal and put a reasonable amount of work on it was the winner. Also he spoke well of the way the students had worked in preparing the animals for the ring, taking into consideration the fact that many of them knew nothing about showing animals before this, and also that the Exams had hindered them from doing very much work in the way of preparation. He ended by giving the showmen and the show-woman his heartiest congratulations for working so hard to make the show a success.





DOINGS IN THE MEN'S RESIDENCE

Compiled by the Bureaus of Information
WEST END CLUB.

What is heard in the M. R.

Daily 7.30 a.m. Get up D... you.

" 8.30 a.m. Deak' -Board -Yup -
Pup -Prrup.

" 4.30 p.m. Shall I phone?

Saturday and Wednesday afternoons —
What time is it? What? Damn!

At all hours — Chef — Patron — Joe —
George — Marshall — Abbottsford —
St. Hilaire — Rougemont — Buddha
— Mohammed —

Hour 0.00 a.m. Rowell and Hicks
busy writing letters.

As visitor comes in room.

Rowell, — Got an envelope?

Visitor, — Why?

Rowell, — For the Ottawa express.

Hicks, — Get me one too.

Visitor, — Why?

Hicks, — The Toronto freight.

To lecturer whose question had an
obvious answer.

Hammie, — I'd use common sense.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Senior (To novice lecturer).

What— do you think?

Lecturer, — What do you think?

Senior, — What do you think?

Lecturer, — What do you think?

And the melody lingers on.

THE EARLY HOURS

Ned, — Eh Bien.

Ron. — Eh Bien

Ned, — Eh Bien, Eh Bien.

Ron, — Eh Bien, Eh Bien.

VOICES — ... Eh Bien

WE AGREE WITH THIS TOO

"Dress should refresh one, not agitate
one."

SAME HERE, OUR SHOWERS ARN'T WORKING EITHER

"I remember Englishmen thirty or
forty years ago who looked on bath-
rooms in English houses as a subtle
and dangerous form of American pro-
paganda which would undermine the
sturdy British race."

Sir Esme Howard.

BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL

"Say Joe, they tell me love at first
sight never happened at breakfast."

LENDME A NICKLE, WILL YOU?

Just when we think we can make
both ends meet, some one moves the
ends.

Shelburne Free Press.

LEMME ALONE WILL YU'!

A scientist has invented an earth-
quake announcer that goes off like
an alarm clock. There is much more
general need for an alarm clock that
goes off like an earthquake.

A howler found in a paper given to
an elementary chemistry class:

Test for carbon dioxide.....

The action of carbon dioxide upon
lime juice is to turn it into milk

What we Want to Know

Who is the man that had a heated argument with an egg in the dining hall?

Who is responsible for the philharmonic programmes?

Which of the students root against the college at certain games, and why?

Who is the college poet laureate?

Who sang grace properly three days in succession?

Who says, "Say goodnight boys, bell's gone"?

Who doesn't want to sell anything in the men's residence?

Which of the three diploma students taking up farming will make a success of it?

Did the Prince of Wales set the fashion for wind breakers, brown boots, and cloth caps?

Who is the learned professor that visits the Gaiety Theatre—with opera glasses?

Who dared to suggest a students' common room?

What is co-education and when do we get the chance?

Who gets a kick out of decorating, and who fused the lights?

Who are the big four and which one is preparing her troussau?

Who drew the analogy between Macdonald College and a High School?

Is the girl's Gym like an oven because we're all half-baked?

Who tipped over a lump of welted starch at the last Formal?

Who is the cynical woman hater who has so lately changed his views?

THE SENIOR TABLE

The Senior men who were nearly starved last fall are now gaining weight once more. Big Teddy Bynoe has gone up to 125 lbs. Rowell as usual monopolizes all the butter and bread, and still asks for more. Vic. insists that Grace be sung properly but of course nobody listens to him. Deakin is always so busy eating he cannot hear his neighbour crying for bread. McFarlane just comes in time to get the last slice of bacon. West is the first to ask for his tea. Ste-Marie the first to leave the table? Drummond is always after the Cow. Hammie and George sit side by side. If somebody comes out with a joke at breakfast, Stuckey surely listens. Sometimes during lunch he gets the point and starts laughing. "The Especial Tea" Nadir pours is such a success that the consumption has gone up by leaps and bounds.

The Optimist. — The man who pulls his keys out as he walks into the post office.

The Pessimist. — The man who goes to the post office solely to confirm the fact that he has'nt got any mail.